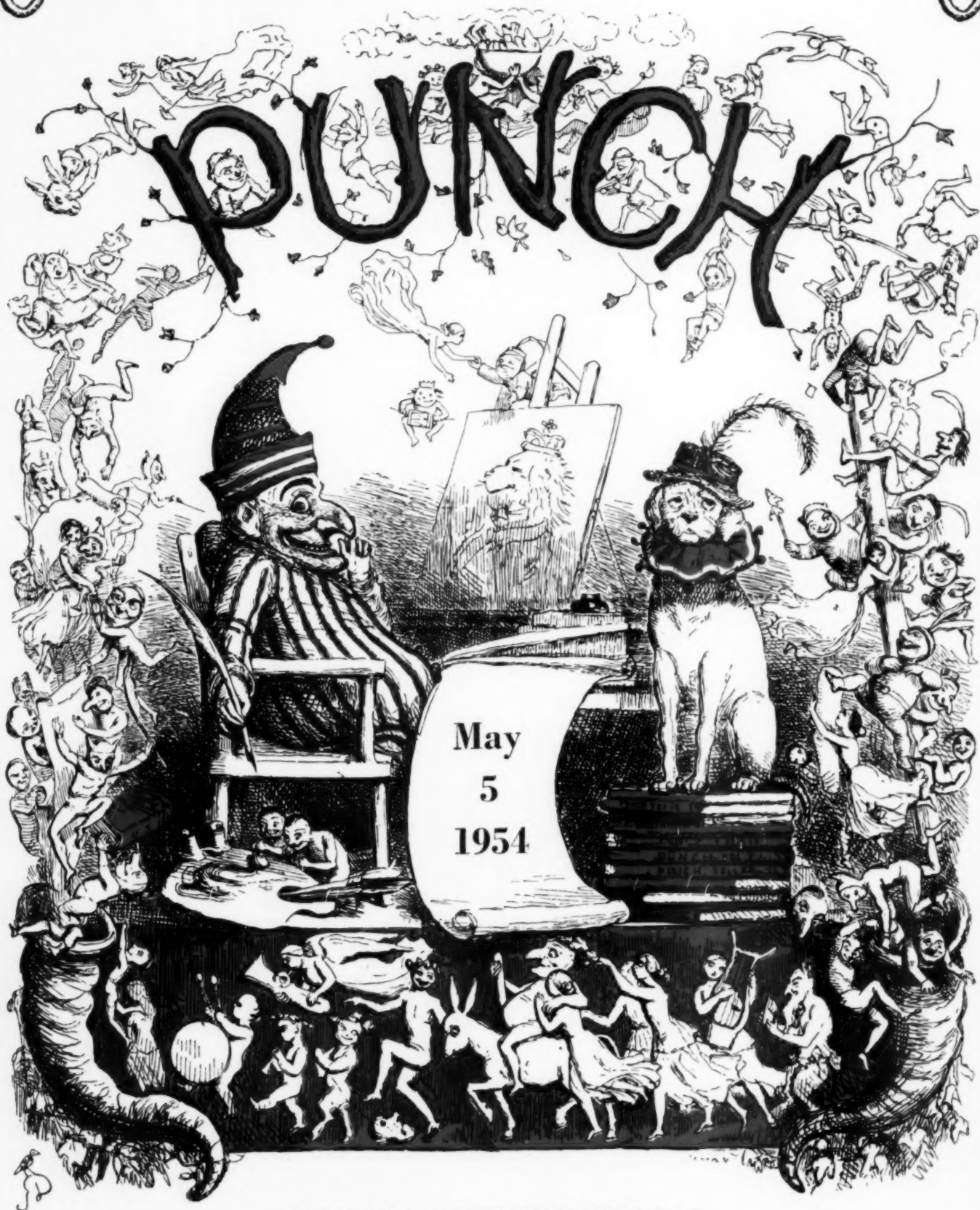


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—May 5 1954

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By Royal Command

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BLACK AND WHITE
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25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
 2 oz. tin 9/6

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So far... for so little!

28 m.p.g. on the Velox? 33 m.p.g. on the Wyvern? No manufacturer can determine what figures an owner will get. The answer depends on traffic conditions, hills, average speeds—and the driver. But within these variables one constant stands out. The new Vauxhalls, with their brilliant 'square' engines, take you farther on less fuel than other cars of similar size and power.*

Both Vauxhalls are spacious five to six seaters, and combine economy, speed and safe performance. They are comfortable, easy to drive,

attractive inside and out, and well finished. Maintenance at reasonable cost is assured by Vauxhall nation-wide Square Deal Service. In value for every penny spent, the Velox and Wyvern have no equal. Ask any Vauxhall owner, and then ask your dealer for a demonstration.

★ In R.A.C. observed petrol consumption tests the Velox achieved 28.6 m.p.g. at an average speed of 40.8 m.p.h., the Wyvern 33.4 m.p.g. at an average speed of 30.5 m.p.h.

That's Vauxhall Value!

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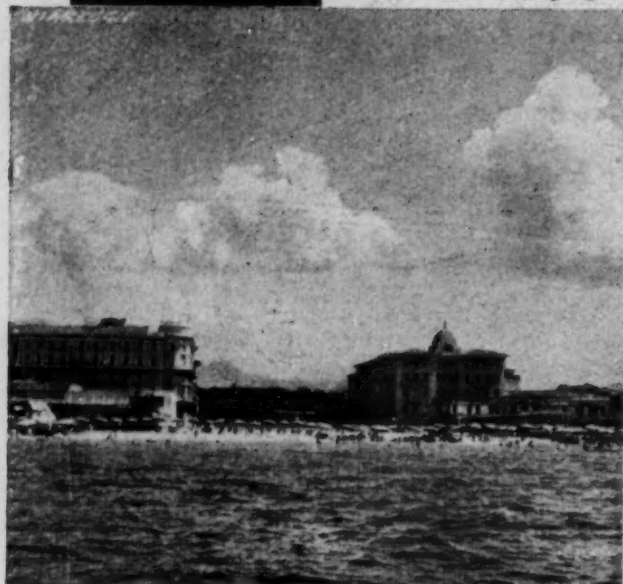
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THE 4-CYLINDER WYVERN

Same size body and same modern styling as the Velox. Maximum speed of 70 m.p.h., £495 plus £207.7.6 P.T.

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 measure of
 man's regard
 for time..*



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MOVADO has quietly made watch history.

Never before has so slim a case housed a full self-winding movement. The secret? An oscillating weight made of a new alloy nearly as heavy as uranium. The price? £28.0.0 in a stainless steel waterproof case.

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Speed and comfort superbly balanced...



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**IT KEEPS THE SECRET
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The Viceroy "Twin-Four" (illustrated) operates on A.C. and D.C. from 90-250 volts. Other models are the "Universal" (A.C./D.C. 90-250v.) **£6.13.8.** the "A.C." (200-250v.) **£5.6.6.** and the "Non-Electric" (hand-operated) **£3.9.5.** From local dealers everywhere. Prices inc. tax and apply in the U.K. only.



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IS THERE buried treasure beneath the sea? Do vast reservoirs of oil lie waiting to be tapped?

Under the warm waters of the Persian Gulf a team of 'aqua-lung' divers led by Commandant Cousteau—famous for his under-water exploration—is helping Anglo-Iranian to find the answers. These men, swimming like fish over the seabed, can explore its geology more closely than has ever before been possible.

Their findings have already proved valuable. Soon, perhaps, the oil which becomes BP Super may be pumped from wells drilled deep into the bed of the sea.

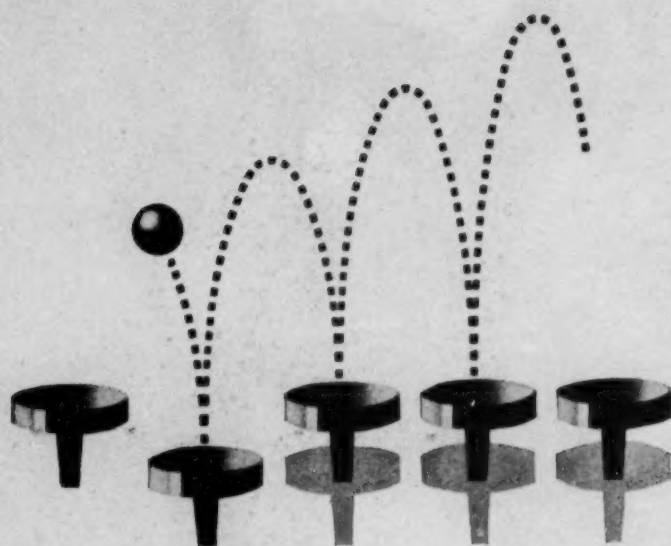


THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

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whose products include BP Super and BP Energol



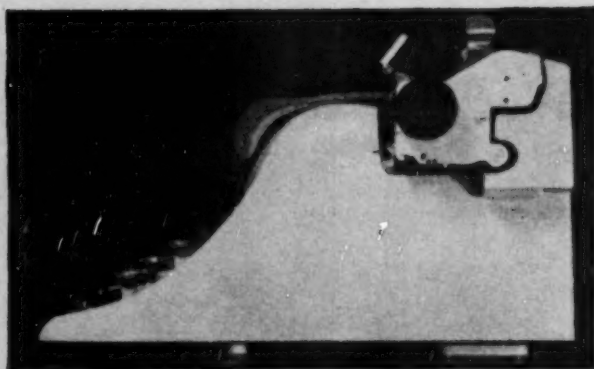


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SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



AN AFFAIR OF TASTE

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Sir Gorgius Midas (who doesn't know anything about Art, but knows what he likes—and what he doesn't!). "SIX MONTHS!!!"

[Collapse of Our Artist. But struck by a Happy Thought, he proffers one of those exquisite "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, and under its Beneficent Influence, Sir G. is beguiled into purchasing the Masterpiece—for a Fiver!]



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THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES
for The Quality

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he flies *B.O.A.C.*

Important people invariably fly B.O.A.C. And these travellers remember significant things about their transatlantic flights . . . the double-decked *Stratocruiser* spaciousness . . . the sound night's sleep in a foam-soft private berth. The courteous, night-long B.O.A.C. service and excellent cuisine . . . the thirty-five years of experience which have made B.O.A.C. the world leader in air travel.



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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

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Once, Smith didn't know what to do with them all. He gave away strawberries right and left and liberally. Even so lots went bad. Today, he (and his friends) have fresh strawberries all the year round!

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A larger model of more than double capacity is available price £180.4.6, tax paid.



To S.P. Dept., Presto Steel Company Limited, Refrigeration Division, Cowley, Oxford. Please send leaflets and details of the Prestofreeze Home Freezers.

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P.3

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THROUGH THE FULL SIZE INNER GLASS DOOR



Just a peep through the inner glass door and you really can SEE what's cooking in this fine Belling 47AB—no more guesswork or spoilt food for you now.

And at £32.5.0 it costs no more than an ordinary cooker. See one for yourself at your local Electrical Shop or Showroom.

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FREE! Write for 56-page Booklet and folders describing this and other Belling products ranging from the Wee Baby Belling at £6.19.6 to the magnificent Streamline at £49.10.0.

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British Biscuits at their Best



Made from the finest Home Grown
Wheatmeal

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ESTABLISHED-1817



Of all curtain fabrics velvet is the loveliest.
No other has quite the same warmth and colour,
the glowing 'life,' the softness and the graciousness of
velvet. Nowhere will you find this beauty
more richly varied than in

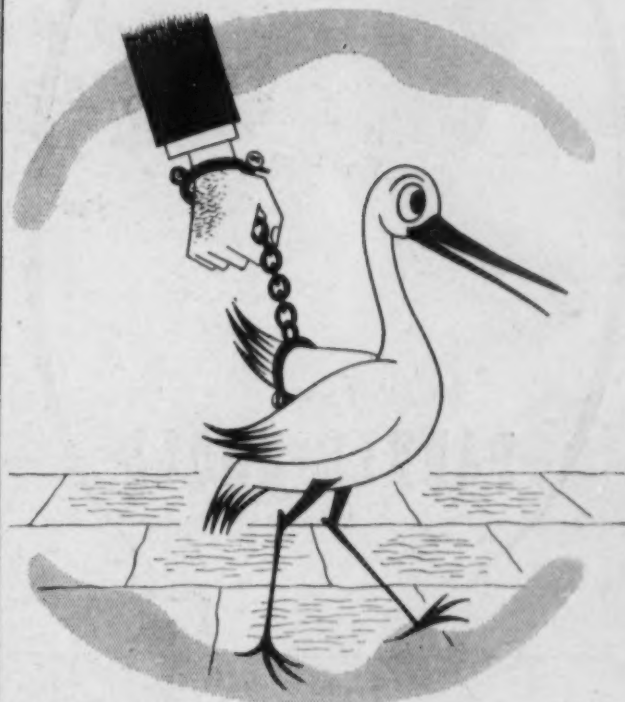
curtain velvet by *Sister*
OF BRADFORD

Loveliest of all

The thirty or so colours, all fadeless, will enthral—and the prices will surprise you, (from about 16/6 a yard, 48" wide.) Linings to match, blend or contrast. From all good furnishing stores. Now, in Spring, is the time to choose.

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The trial of the year opens next Monday



There's a queue, 14 years long, waiting to try
Stork Margarine. Every stronghold with stocks will
be stormed! The 10th of May will be the 14th of July
. . . for housewives released from the endurance vile
of mad "marge" days . . . for breadwinners free from
the temptation to give it up, for want of something
worth spreading on their winnings! Chief witnesses
will be the elders who remember Stork Margarine,
very kindly. They'll give evidence that it's now an
even better Stork—a credit to Stork-respecting citizens.
Charged as margarine, Stork will appeal; and its
creamy taste will be accepted as an alibi.
The result will be a clash of opinions between the
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The law and the palate beg to differ . . .

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE



FK-737 "LAMOOLD"
£12.19.6
In moquette 'P'
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NEW
Jamal de Luxe
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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Punch, May 5 1954



A room peaceful with luxury

At first glance it hardly seems possible that the Court de luxe bedcover is actually woven. It looks as if it had been moulded for your bed. The beautiful, double quilted weave gives it strength and rich beauty. The graceful flowered embroidery is delicate, eminently feminine; but the cloth itself is far from delicate and will wash, if need be, again and again. With matching curtain material, which can be bought by the yard, your bedroom will be bright with luxury.

DRAFFENS OF DUNDEE LTD, DUNDEE
CHAPMAN & CO. LTD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
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COURT DE LUXE bedcovers are each available in Silver Blue, Citron Green, Mayfair Rose, and French Beige. 76" x 104" £9.9.0. 96" x 104" £10.10.0. 48" curtain material, 23/6d. a yard.

No Vantona dyes are absolutely permanent — they are only as fast to sun and wash as modern science can make them.

IF YOU HAVE ANY HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS WHY NOT WRITE TO THE VANTONA HOUSEHOLD ADVICE BUREAU?



DAKS suits



for country . . .

There was a time when for ease and comfort 'any old clothes' were good enough for the country.

But not now — thanks to the Daks two-piece country suit. Note the unmistakable Simpson touch in the jacket's easy air, in the beautiful hang of the trousers. The choice of cloths includes many woven only for Simpson — the semi-hacking style here is most popular in a lovat saxony.



Here's a car that pays you a bonus every year!



AUSTIN A70 HEREFORD

A remarkable car. Family saloon that cruises around 65; takes 5/6 people in restful, smooth comfort for very long distances. Like all Austins the Hereford has safety glass windows throughout. £596 plus £249.9.2d. Purchase Tax. Hide seats, heater, radio and clock extra.

AN AUSTIN gives you all the performance you could want. You get styling and equipment and finish as good as they can be made. And you get that little bit more for your gallon.

But you get something extra, and you get it free. You get Dependability. And Dependability means that given petrol, oil and water your Austin goes on and on and on. Your repair bills are few and far between. Each year your Austin saves you money, saves you worry and gives you the very best of motoring.

Taking your Austin abroad this year?

Take advantage of the Austin Owners' Continental Touring Scheme

In addition to your normal travel allowance you can buy Austin Repair Vouchers in the U.K. to a value of £10, £25 or £50. They are valid for repairs and replacements at Austin Dealers or authorised garages on the Continent. When you return to the U.K. unused vouchers will be cashed. Touring kits containing invaluable equipment can also be borrowed for a nominal charge.

Ask your Austin Dealer for complete details

AUSTIN - you can depend on it!



THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



Player's

PERFECTOS

The inevitable choice for those who appreciate the finer things in life.

Packed in boxes of 50 and 100

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.

PF28A



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

New York: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY

MAY

SOMETHING NEW

Distrust of innovations is a well-developed British characteristic. When the innovations lose their novelty and merge into the permanent background of our lives, it is difficult to remember, and almost impossible to believe, that once they were widely regarded with scepticism or even with horror. Probably even those who wrote them have forgotten the letters of expostulation which they addressed to the Editor of The Times when that newspaper published its first crossword puzzle in 1930. Television still fills some people with alarm and despondency.

If, in the course of this month, you find yourself listening to a B.B.C. commentary on a cricket match, pause to reflect that, not so very long ago, this form of broadcast was an innovation. As such, it had the sort of reception you would expect. On May 14th, 1927, commentaries lasting five minutes each were broadcast, at intervals of an hour, on a match between Essex and New Zealand at Leyton. They were not adjudged to have been a success. One paper found them "deadly dull"; the experiment, it said, had proved that "a commentary on a cricket match will be a waste of good ether". Another "almost shuddered at the thought" of listening to any more; and a third dismissed them as "a stunt which only in very exceptional circumstances could hope to achieve popularity". There was held, in short, to be no future for them.



In the 117 years of its existence the Midland Bank has, though not without due caution, introduced many innovations, and has thereby greatly improved the quality, and enlarged the scope, of the services which it offers to its customers.

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**Fly over to
the Continent
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It's all aboard for a completely successful holiday when you fly KLM. You will find most of your fellow passengers have booked KLM on the recommendation of their friends and Travel Agent. Choose wherever you will among the Continental play centres — by KLM it's a holiday all the way.

Reservations from all Air Travel agents of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.

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ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES

Fast frequent tourist flights to
Austria
Germany
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Italy



Underground Movement

EVERY SHIP that heads down the Tees to the sea sails over an underground tunnel carrying I.C.I.'s pipelines deep below the river bed. One of the boldest engineering projects ever undertaken by a chemical company, I.C.I.'s pipeline tunnel connecting the Wilton chemical plants with those of Billingham, nine miles away, cost more than a million pounds, and provides the link that makes the Billingham-Wilton system the largest concentration of chemical industry in the world. From Wilton, pipelines carrying the valuable 'olefine' gases butylene and propylene, petrol (which is a by-product) and 'tail gas' (a mixture of residual gases rich in hydrogen) run to the header shaft, where they plunge down to the tunnel.

Having completed their dark journey, the pipes surface on the opposite bank, which stretches away to Billingham. There, high-pressure plants convert the propylene to isopropyl alcohol—another important

chemical raw material—and the hydrogen in the tail gas to ammonia, while the butylene is used to improve the by-product petrol—and to make the 'bottled' gas that provides heat and light for yachtsmen, caravanners and country dwellers. Soon, the tunnel will carry back, another raw material—brine. From boreholes on the north side of the Tees, a pipeline will feed this raw material—essential for the manufacture of chlorine and caustic soda—to plants now being built at Wilton. Forty road tankers a day would have been needed to carry the petrol, butylene and propylene that now pass unseen from one great chemical works to the other, while, were it not for the pipeline, the tail gas would have had to be wasted. The Billingham-Wilton link is a good example of that special kind of industrial efficiency that can be achieved only on a large scale—and with large resources.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited





*By Appointment Motor
Vehicle Manufacturers to
the late King George VI
Ford Motor Company Ltd.*

CONSUL

FOR THE CITY MAN

THE TRAVELLER

THE DOCTOR

THE GOLFER



Its virtues commend it to all. To the mature it offers remarkable comfort and restrained styling. To the busy man the ease of its controls brings blessed relief. The young of heart notice first its liveliness, its superb roadholding. The family man welcomes its spaciousness, needs the economy of its running costs. To every one it promises absolute dependability. You make a wise and balanced choice when you choose a

CONSUL

Its price is a pleasure £470

Plus P.T. £196.19.3

FORD ★ '5-STAR' MOTORING

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST



STUDENTS of statistics will have noted with interest that Britain's estimated population is now made up of about 21,000,000 men and 23,000,000 women, and that, according to a spokesman of the National Hairdressers' Federation, the women are now spending about £80,000,000 annually on cosmetics. A simple calculation shows that this is costing the men about £4 a year.

Nothing to Lose

APPROVED haunts of British nudism report boom bookings this year. The fifty thousand members with reservations at the specially secluded camps, hotels and other centres are said



to include record numbers of new converts to the movement. They have at last, it is thought, hit on a holiday where they won't always have their hands in their pockets.

Conquest of Space

MEMBERS of a Leeds youth club recently heard with enjoyment a lecture by Mr. G. Hollis, "a prominent member of the Interplanetary Travel Society." Its full implications may not have struck home, however, until they learned from the report in a local parish magazine that Mr. Hollis had come "all the way from Sheffield."

Waylaid at the Office

STRATFORD'S new Romeo, reports the *Daily Mirror*, plays "with the streamlined rakishness of a businessman courting his secretary." The suggestion that this is an established feature of British office life will be received with some concern, and it is

hoped that in an effort to discover the scale on which secretaries are exposed to the rakish charms of the boss the *Mirror* will launch one of its fearless inquiries.

Hard Times for Soft Livers

THE most profitable way a business man can employ his time, says a business man, is in the study of tax avoidance. This will have come as a shock to the unemployed father of seven, living on Public Assistance, who was saying only a week or two before that the most profitable way he could employ his time was in the study of work avoidance. It must be obvious to him that when all the tax-avoiding business men have withdrawn their support from Public Assistance funds, the work-avoiding family man will be driven in desperation back to work. What is more, he will have to devote his spare time to a study of tax avoidance.

Practically Joking

DILIGENT to share any fresh crumb of fun with *Daily Telegraph* readers, "Peterborough" told them the other day of the senior Admiralty officer who found a note on his desk



telling him to ring Mr. Lyon at Primrose 3333. He did so, was connected with the Zoo, and thus convulsed "Peterborough" and the three readers of the *Telegraph* who had never discovered why chickens cross the road.

Blue for a Boy

TWENTY-SEVEN intelligent men and women, says a report, have been taking part in a psychological experiment at Reading University designed to

find out what colours the mind associates with various words. On the whole the sexes saw eye to eye, though the word "love" suggested red to the women and blue to the men. This seems to confirm the B.B.C.'s policy of sticking to male entertainers for comedy programmes.

If Wet Indoors

MINSTRELS are advertised for by a holiday hotel, duties to include "wandering through the grounds, serenading the guests, playing either a



violin, mouth organ, accordion or zither." Single ladies hastening to reserve accommodation are warned that they must provide their own high turrets, low gowns, long plaits and short drinks.

Decent Wraiths

GHOSTS of ex-Presidents, says an American news item, have given up haunting the White House since President Eisenhower moved in. Mr. Truman used to be roused from sleep by the peremptory rap of invisible knuckles, and Mr. Roosevelt often came across a non-dimensional Abe Lincoln, pulling a pair of boots on in his old bedroom; but Ike has been left unvisited. Perhaps his predecessors feel that he has enough on his plate with one live Senator.

Star Quality

NEW film techniques come thick and fast, not to say wide and deep. The latest is Vistavision, acclaimed in New York's Radio City Music Hall last week and shortly to make its bow in this country. Millions of British cinemagoers, hearing that the sample

film relies on a new system of photography and projection which achieves a reduced grain and complete focal definition by the optical reduction of a horizontal double-frame negative to a standard release print, are already asking who's in it.

Eye Strain

EVEN the professional commentator cannot always see life steadily and see it whole nowadays. A respected weekly has written of the Petrov affair: "We for our part have never thought of the Russians as other than human creatures" (page 477), and "We have come to regard the Russians rather as Martians than as human beings" (page 480). But perhaps the really assiduous Spectator should regard a touch of double vision as an occupational hazard.

Call of the Wild

MRS. Ernest Hemingway, it is said, uttered the cry of the hyæna in a West End cocktail bar a few days ago, and remarked that the animal was "the one thing above all else that I miss in London, Paris, Venice or Madrid." It would certainly take some missing in Washington, just at the moment, too.

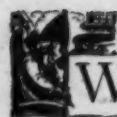
Joint Freedoms

(A thought for July 3)

NOW liberty's the fashion,
Pervasive and complete,
For they can't cut the ration
And we can't cut the meat.



"Pst!—freedom?"



IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE

WHEN I was young the old were either immensely unimportant or immensely important. Most of them were shadowy figures, peaceful or pathetic according to their circumstances. A few, still clinging to the characteristics which had got them to the top, or simply to the top itself, enjoyed great authority and respect. What is new is to think of the old as the normal run, a sort of middle-class age-group, neither leaders nor appendages of society, but to a large extent society itself. But there they are, or soon will be. We must take them much more seriously: and Birkbeck College has given us a lead with what is called on the envelope a scientific inquiry into their interests.

The envelope is addressed to the occupier of the house, but the investigators want it given to the member of the household nearest sixty-eight, and have gone to some trouble to ensure that this is done. "For example," says the envelope, "if there were three adults in a household and they were aged 47, 46 and 26, then the letter would be given to the man or woman whose age was 47." This is science with a vengeance, and the investigators, no doubt realizing that they may be aiming a bit over the public's head, have a second try. "Here," they go on, "is another example. If there were four adults in a household, and they were aged 60, 58, 32 and 26, then the letter would be given to the one who was 60." Some sort of general principle now begins to emerge. Even in the Dale household it ought to be Mrs. Freeman who gets the envelope. I don't feel I know the Groves well enough to be sure of Grandma's chances. (If the envelope reached the Borchester country it would be Dan Archer, as the business correspondent, who got it anyway; and his comments would be worth hearing.)

Once in the right hands, the document in the envelope is excellent value. It gives a list of ninety subjects and invites the elderly victim to say how far he or she, at sixty-eight or thereabouts, is interested in each. Here again, no pains have been spared to bring scientific thought within the layman's grasp. "By an interest," it says, "we mean something you like to do, or hear about, or read about, and so on." This seems reasonable; and although the investigators

warn their victims not to be surprised if they find very few of their interests in the list, they have cast their net wide, and then left space at the end for unsolicited extras.

It starts off in a light-hearted, open-air spirit with *Folk-songs, Going Out, Cycling, Anthropology, Bowls, Taking Bus-rides*, but soon passes through the more serious (*Bridges, The Making of Books, Playing Monopoly, Church Work*) into the almost sombre (*Having Discussions and Disputes, The Cost of Living*). Thereafter the juxtapositions are breathtaking. Once, clearly, the order was alphabetical, and there are outcrops of almost solid alliteration (*Prisons, Studying People, Pacifism, Picnicking, Looking at Paintings, Old Newspapers, Preaching*). Even in such sequences as *Motor-cycling, Listening to the Singing of Light Music by Choirs, The Neighbours*, the alphabetical structure is still discernible. But why, even in the cause of science, *Pottery, Palaeontology, Opera*—instead of *Opera, Palaeontology, Pottery*? Indeed why any of them and not *Elegiacs, Endocrinology, Etching* (which would have to be added at the end)? As it goes on, sheer, whooping insanity seems only just round the corner. I can imagine a hardy old sexagenarian confessing consecutively to an interest in *Smoking, Trade Unionism and Sun-bathing*. But will he still take the thing seriously after such a finale as *Teaching, Snow, Having Visitors, Valuation of Property, Woodwork, My Wife, The Weather, Wines*?

It will be a pity if he does not. Whatever else may be suspected in the Research Graduates of Birkbeck College, a fantastic sense of humour seems improbable. All this will be made to add up to something. Ultimately it may even be applied—perhaps in planning the amenities of the newest of New Towns, where, among the long streets of Old People's Bungalows, you will find, tucked away in sunny corners handy for the buses and shops, the startling, two-storeyed houses of the breeding young. P. M. HUBBARD

"The Roosevelt GRILL
GUY LOMBARDO and his Orchestra."
The New Yorker

They do?

THE SIRENS



*"While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren choir descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song . . ."*

We Have with Us To-night

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

SO it comes again . . . The Finger! The telephone has rung and my publishers' Press representative is telling me briskly that I am to appear on television next week—Monday, 8.30, Sonny Booch's Strictly For Morons half-hour, Tuesday, 9.15, Alonzo Todd's Park Your Brains in the Cloakroom, and Thursday, 7.35, Genevieve Goole Pobsleigh's Life Among the Half-wits.

You might suppose from all this that there is a great popular demand for me, that America wants Wodehouse and refuses to be put off with President

Eisenhower, Mary Martin and similar cheap substitutes, but this is not so. There may be men in the United States more insignificant than myself, men whose names mean even less to the far-flung citizenry, but they would take a bit of finding. Bloodhounds would be needed or Private Eyes with magnifying glasses. No, the explanation is that I have a book coming out shortly and this Press representative thinks it will boost the sales if I am seen by millions on the television screen, not realizing, poor deluded soul, that the one way of slaying a book is to let people get a look at the author.

Authors as a class—let's face it—are no oil paintings. You have only to go to one of those literary dinners to test the truth of this. At such a binge you see tall authors, short authors, stout authors, thin authors and authors of medium height and girth, but all of these authors without exception look like something that would be passed over with a disdainful jerk of the beak by the least fastidious buzzard in the Gobi desert. Only very rarely do we find one who has even the most rudimentary resemblance to anything part-human.

It has always been so. The great Victorians accepted Nature's decrees without argument and did the best they could to ease the strain by letting the jungle in on what for want of a better word we will call their faces.

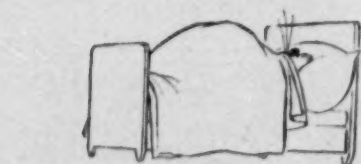
The moment a Victorian felt a novel coming on he started to grow whiskers furiously, pouring on the hair rejuvenator like water. Could one but penetrate the undergrowth and see what those beards and whiskers concealed,

one would recoil in horror. Who knows what lay beneath the shrubbery that hid, say, Wilkie Collins?

The wireless, yes. That would be different. I might do myself a bit of good by saying a few graceful words on the wireless. I have an attractive voice, rich, mellow, with certain deep organ tones in it calculated to make quite a number of the cash customers dig up the \$2.75. But it is fatal to let them see me.

Owing to my having become mentally arrested at an early age, I write the sort of stuff which people, not knowing the facts, assume to be the work of a cheerful, if backward, young fellow of about twenty-five. "Well, well," they tell one another, "we might do worse than hear what this youngster has to say. Get the rising generation point of view and all that." And what happens? "We have with us to-night Mr. P. G. Wodehouse" . . . and on totters a spavined septuagenarian, his bald head coated with pancake flour to keep it from shining and his palsied limbs twitching feebly like those of a galvanized frog. Little wonder that when the half-yearly score sheet reaches me some months later I find that sales have been what publishers call "slow" again. America's book-buyers have decided as one book-buyer to keep the money in the old oak chest, and I don't blame them.

I have never understood this American theory that you don't get the full flavour of a writer's work unless you see him. On every newspaper staff over here there are half a dozen columnists, and each of these columnists has his photograph at the head of his column

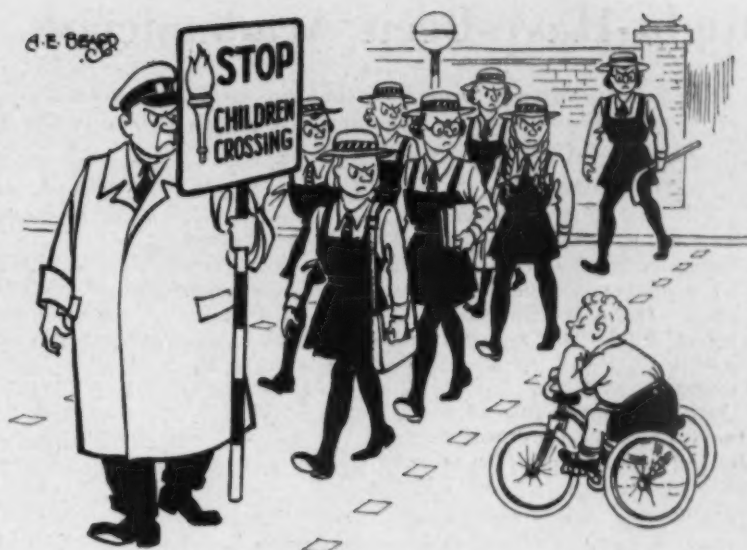


day after day after day. All wrong, it seems to me. I mean, after you have seen Westbrook Pegler or Hy Gardner three or four hundred days in succession you have had practically all you require and their spell wanes. It is a significant thing, I think, that the greatest of all American columnists, Walter Winchell, who has led the field for a matter of twenty-five years, has never allowed his photograph to appear. And Walter is a good-looking man, too, not unlike what I was in my prime.

That is the maddening thing about this television business, that they are catching me too late. "Oh, God, put back Thy universe and give me yesterday," as the fellow said. Well, no, not yesterday perhaps, but say 1906 or thereabouts. I really was an eyeful then. Trim athletic figure, finely chiselled features and more hair on the top of my head than you could shake a stick at. I would have been more than willing to exhibit myself to America's millions then. But now I have definitely gone off quite a bit, and that is why, when this Press representative rang up and started persecuting me with his loathsome addresses, I had my answer ready, quick as a flash.

"Terribly sorry," I said. "I'm just off to the Coast."

Heaven bless the Coast. It is the one safe refuge. Even Press representatives or public relations lizards or whatever they call themselves know they can't get at you there. And these constant visits to the Coast are improving my prestige. "Wodehouse always seems to be going to Hollywood," people say. "Yes," reply the people these people are addressing, "the demand for him in the studios is tremendous." "Odd one never sees his name on screen credits," say the first people. "Oh no." (Second people speaking.) "He writes under a number of pseudonyms. Makes a fortune, I understand."



Ballade of Dispossession

LIKE oak trees that attract the lightning's bane,
My homesteads, whereso'er I build or rent,
Fall victims to the legalized chicane
Of chair-borne planners ruthlessly intent
On buying out my hereditament,
Their pretext being lack of vacant ground.
So I perforce re-pitch my moving tent.
By Purchase Orders I am kicked around.

My first abode was near a cloistered fane,
Where time stood still, and the improver's bent
Had met with checkmate; but my small domain
Included frontage which the Council meant
To "integrate for re-development
With zonal abattoir and cattle-pound . . .
You are required . . ." (the rest was truculent).
By Purchase Orders I am kicked around.

Then I re-settled on a Berkshire plain,
Miles from all sites the covetous frequent,
And bought a disused windmill. Put in vain,
For London's outward sprawl is not yet spent.
Late, from a manor in the vales of Gwent
The Coal Board ousted me, since underground
Lay anthracite of putative extent.
By Purchase Orders I am kicked around.

Envoi

Prince, I can think of one safe tenement—
A bathyscaphe beyond the plummet's sound.
Closing the hatch, I'll sing you this lament:
By Purchase Orders I've been kicked around.

R. A. PIDDINGTON

Might-Have-Been Academicians

By LIONEL HALE

Being extracts from the Catalogue of the Royal Academy, had the genius of certain Contemporaries led them to the Painter's Palette or the Sculptor's Mallet and Chisel

141. "CONVERSATION PIECE." By MORGAN PHILLIPS. OILS.

A large, realistically painted work (on sheet-iron) with the scene in a room in Transport House. The principal figures are Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Aneurin Bevan, one facing right and the other left, with their backs to each other. There is a remarkable composition of subsidiary figures, in two widely separated groups. Some are looking at their toes, some at the ceiling, and some out of the window. In this unusual conversation piece no one is talking to anyone.

166. "THE ELM TREES." By SIR DAVID ECCLES. CHARCOAL.

A bracing view of Kensington Gardens. There are vistas of strongly-textured asphalt walks, thronged with nursemaids and elderly gentlemen in bath-chairs. In the distance is one solitary tree-stump. In this fine nature study, there is no nature, but plenty of plastic values. There is a great deal of light, but no shade.

193. "VIEW FROM MY CORNISH WINDOW." By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. OILS.

Large canvas of a peaceful land-and-sea-scape, vigorously

peopled with fishermen, Cavaliers, murderous husbands, Napoleonic warriors, smugglers, ancestors, and suppliant film impresarios holding out contracts.

288. "MOTHER CHURCH." By GRAHAM GREENE. STONE.

A more than life-size work of a symbolical Nun. The figure is in marble, except for the feet: which are in clay.

331. "SELF-PORTRAIT." By CHARLES MORGAN. OILS.

A faithful reproduction, noble and nude and austere beautiful, of Rodin's "The Thinker."

332. "SELF-PORTRAIT IN A MIRROR." By CHARLES MORGAN. OILS.

Another faithful reproduction, also noble and nude and austere beautiful, of Rodin's "The Thinker," with the difference, of course, that the figure here faces the other way, and the chin rests on the left hand and not the right.

345. "DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE SUFFOLK COAST, seen from COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2." By BENJAMIN BRITTEN. PENCIL.

A harmonious arrangement of salt-grimed mariners, Elizabeth of England, Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, and chimney-sweepers' boys, brilliantly composed and completely invisible behind a foggy, foggy dew.

378. "THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE, CANTERBURY." By DR. HEWLETT JOHNSON. MOBILE.

This ingenious mobile, made from torn-out pages of the Revised Version, scraps of Russian leather, and even locks of white hair from a theatrical perruquier's wig, is constructed in contrasting shapes (cruciform or sickle) and turns gently in any breath of air, from East or West.

399. "JUPITER TONANS." By SIR WILLIAM HALEY. OILS.

A massive and regal figure is seated on a cloud, which also luckily serves for lap-robe. Bearded, patriarchal, deep-browed and sunk-eyed, Jupiter rests one hand on the head of a kneeling Iris, who has just arrived from Canada with a supply of newsprint. With a gesture of great authority, the god is aiming at the Government (cowering in the foreground) a smallish blotting-paper dart.

415. "SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS." By HIS HORSE. WASH.

This unusual portrait is supposed to have been painted on a canvas stable-bucket by Sir Alfred's horse, using his tail as a horse-hair brush. This theory has the support of the President of the R.A., who holds that the portrait "is a — sight better than most of these — portraits."



"I tell you 'R. G.' was the one with the ginger moustache."



27
"A Senator McCarthy to see you, Sir"

Searle's
Private View



Dear Mummy ...



"Taxi!"

535



"Sharp pains, doctor—
just here in my knee..."

162

The Full Length

By ROBERT GRAVES



WILLIAM ("The Kid") Nicholson, my father-in-law, could never rid himself of the Victorian superstition that a thousand guineas were a thousand guineas; income tax seemed to him a barbarous joke which did not and should not apply to people like himself. He had a large family to support, and as a fashionable portrait painter was bound to keep up appearances which would justify his asking the same prices for a full-length as his friends William Orpen and Philip de Laszlo. He excelled in still-lives and, though complaining that flowers were restless sitters, would have liked to paint nothing else all day except an occasional landscape. But full-length commissions were what he needed. "Portraits seldom bounce," he told me.

When I asked him to explain, he said: "I have been painting and selling, and painting and selling for so many years now that my early buyers are beginning to die off or go bankrupt. Forgotten W.N. masterpieces keep coming up for auction, and have to be bought in at an unfair price, five times as much as they originally earned, just to keep the W.N. market steady. Some of them are charming and make me wonder how I ever painted so well; but others plead to have their faces turned to the wall quick. Such as those!"



It had come to a crisis in Appletree Yard. The Inland Revenue people, he told me, had sent him a three-line whip to attend a financial debate; also, an inexpert collector of his early work had died suddenly and left no heirs, so that his agent had to buy in three or four paintings which should never have been sold. "Be sure your sin will find you out," the Kid muttered despondently. "What I need now is no less than two thousand guineas in ready cash. Pray for a miracle, my boy."

I prayed, and two hours had hardly elapsed before a ring came at the studio door and in walked Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr escorted by one Fulton, a butler, both wearing deep mourning. The Kid had not even known of her existence hitherto, but she seemed solid enough and the name Mucklehose Kerr was synonymous with wealth; so he was by no means discourteous.

The introductions over, Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr pressed the Kid's hand fervently and said: "Mr. Nicholson, I know you will not fail me: you and you alone are destined to paint my daughter Alison."

"Well," said the Kid, blinking cautiously, "I am pretty busy at this season, you know Mrs. Kerr. And I have promised to take my family to Cannes in about three weeks' time. Still, if you make a point of it, perhaps the sittings can be fitted in before I leave Town."

"There will be no sittings, Mr. Nicholson. There *can* be no sittings." She dabbed her eyes with a black-lace handkerchief. "My daughter passed over last week."

It took the Kid a little while to digest this, but he mumbled condolences, and said gently: "Then I fear that I shall have to work from photographs."

Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr answered in broken tones: "Alas, there *are* no photographs. Alison was so camera-shy. She used to say: 'Mother, why do you want photographs? You will always have me to look at—me myself, not silly old photographs!' And now she has passed over, and not left me so much as a snapshot. On my brother's advice I went to Mr. Orpen first and asked him what I am now asking you; but he answered that the task was beyond him. He said

that you were the only painter in London who could help me, because you have a sixth sense."

Orpen was right in a way. The Kid had one queer parlour trick. He would suddenly ask a casual acquaintance "How do you sign your name?" and when he answered "Herbert B. Banbury" (or whatever it was) would startle him by writing it down in his own unmistakable handwriting.

As he hesitated, his eye caught sight of the bounced canvases, leaning against the table on which lay the income-tax demand. "It is a very difficult commission, Mrs. Kerr," he said.

"I am willing to pay two thousand guineas," she answered, "for a full-length."

"It is not the money..." he protested.

"But Fulton will tell you all about dear Alison," pleaded Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr, weeping unrestrainedly. "Miss Alison was a beautiful girl, Fulton, was she not?"

"Sweetly pretty," Fulton agreed with fervour. "Pretty as a picture, madam."

"I *know* you will consent, Mr. Nicholson, and of course I will choose one of her own dresses for her to wear. The one I liked best."

There was nothing for it but to consent.

The Kid took Fulton to the Café Royal that evening and plied him with whisky and questions.

"Blue eyes?"—"Bluish, sir, and a bit watery. But sweetly pretty."

"Hair?"—"Mousey, sir, like her nature, and worn in a bun."

"Figure?"—"So, so, Mr. Nicholson, so so! But she was a very sweet young lady, was Miss Alison."

"Any physical peculiarities?"—"None, sir, that leaped to the eye. But I fear I am not a good hand at descriptions."

"Had she no friends who could sketch her from memory?"—"None, Mr. Nicholson. She lived a most retired life."

So the Kid drew a blank with Fulton, and his parlour trick did not help at all because he lacked the complementary faculty (with which Mrs. Mucklehose



Kerr apparently credited him but which, in his own phrase, was another pair of socks altogether) of conjuring up a person from a signature. The next day, in despair, he consulted his brother-in-law, the painter James Pryde. "Jimmy, what on earth am I to do now?"

Jimmy thought awhile and then, being a practical Scot, answered: "Why not find out from Fulton whether the girl ever went to a dentist?"

Sir Rockaway Timms happened to be a fellow-member of the Savile, and the Kid hurried to Wimpole Street to consult him.

"Rocks, old boy, I'm in a fearful hole."

"Not for the first time, Kid."

"It's about a girl of eighteen called Miss Alison Mucklehose Kerr, one of your patients."

"You should leave 'em alone until they reach the age of discretion. Oh, you artists!"

"I never set eyes on her. And now, it seems, she's dead."

"Bad, bad! By her own hand?"

"I want to know what you know about her."

"I can only show you the map of her mouth, if that's any morbid satisfaction to you. I have it in this cabinet. Wait a moment. M... Mu... Muck... Here you are! Crowded incisors; one heavily and clumsily stopped rear molar; one ditto lightly and neatly stopped by me; malformed canines; wisdom teeth not yet through."

"For heaven's sake, Rocks, what did she look like? It's life or death to me."

Sir Rockaway glanced at the Kid quizzically. "What do I get out of this?" he asked.

"An enormous box of liqueur chocolates swathed in pink ribbon."

"Accepted, on behalf of Edith. Well, this Alison whom you betrayed in the dark forest was a sallow, lumpish, frightened Scots lassie with a slight cast in the off eye—but, for all that, the spitting image of Lilian Gish!"

The Kid wrung Sir Rockaway's hand as violently as Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr had wrung his own at parting. Then he rushed out to his waiting taxi.

"Driver," he shouted. "*The Birth of a Nation*, wherever it's showing, as fast as your wheels will carry us!"

Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr, summoned to Appletree Yard a week later, uttered a moan of delight the moment she entered the studio. "It is Alison, it is my Alison to the life, Mr. Nicholson!" she babbled. "I knew your genius would not fail me. But oh! how well and happy she is looking since she passed over! ... Fulton, Fulton, tell Mr. Nicholson how wonderful he is!"

"You have caught Miss Alison's expression, sir, to the dot!" pronounced Fulton, visibly impressed.

Mrs. Mucklehose Kerr then insisted on buying two of the bounced and unworthy early Nicholsons which happened to be lying face-up on the floor. The Kid had been on the point of painting them over; and his obvious reluctance to sell made her offer twelve hundred guineas for the pair.

He weakly accepted; forgetting what a terrible retribution the Inland Revenue people would visit on him next year.

What the Hats Foretell

By ALISON ADBURGHAM



THE heart responds to rhyme, not reason; to Julia's lawns and tiffanies, and to the fantasies called hats this spring. Reason tells us that summer will soon be setting in with its usual severity; that the Chelsea Flower Show and the Rectory Fête will be drenching; that May Week will be cold, Ascot Week windy as well as cold; that Speech Days and Commemorations will be dull and listless, garden parties enlivened by thunderstorm and hail; that cricket festivals will be held and abandoned in weather which makes inspection of the pitch a more constant occupation than inspection of the hats; that Henley and Goodwood . . . but why go on repeating history when history is so good at repeating itself? It teaches us nothing, for we learn our lessons by heart, and our hearts are governed by what the hats foretell.

Such a fair flowering cannot but promise a fine summer; the weather is

in beauty bound to give these hats their proper background. Standing on the pavement, hat-gazing in the windows, we see the summer stretching ahead, day after dazzling day: new-minted mornings in the streets and crescents; breathless noons beneath striped awnings and in quiet restaurants; scorched lawns, deck chairs, punts. We might play croquet, or twirl a parasol.

Two water lilies, no more, no less, can make one hat. Or a hat can be one small posy perched so far back on the crown that it cannot be seen full face. Back there, too, goes Givenchy's swathed chignon cap; and yet again the same designer places a little *canotier* more forward than the forehead's hair-line. There are no rules, no holds are barred—the wonder is they hold at all. Hats that are not tricked out with blooms, with vine leaves, with grapes or cherries, may be completely made of flower-print materials; such as white piqué printed with little moss roses

reminiscent of Victorian wall-paper; such as the floral silks which make Simone Mirman's tiny sailors, rigged round with miniature men's ties of the same silks, knotted at the back. Sailors everywhere are lilliputian, and everywhere there are sailors. Those who cannot take their sailors the hard way, straight between the eyes as the mode demands, will favour wavy sailors. Wavy brims are a new beguilement, and appear on many models. Over from Paris there is Paulette's printed-cotton hat with narrow wavy brim, which has a matching cravat of the same print; very tidy, very towny.

Erik, too, shows hats with cravats, and also matching hats and gloves. These are mostly striped, navy and white, black and white, to go with plain suits and dresses. And it is Erik who has separate posies to match his flower-decked hats, these posies being worn high on the shoulder. He uses veils, very fine veils, very full, standing out from the face, a mere *miasma*. Coarse tennis-netting will not be worn over the face this summer; but soft veiling appears again and again, especially as trimming over flowers and fruit—perhaps to keep the birds and bees from alighting. Indeed, there is such a budding and a burgeoning among the tree-top milliners this spring that Nature must look to her laurels.

These milliners' soufflés are coiffuriers' delights; they play straight into the hair-stylists' tills. Perfection of curls is half the battle; but the other half is not necessarily, as might be imagined, the bloom of youth. Those for whom has been coined that odd euphemism, the Not-so-Youngs, can venture these frivolities and look Not-so-Old either. Indeed, a hat that is plain saucy for the little goose has a distinctly more piquant flavour on her mother. Alice Henri's little toque, for example, made entirely of shell shrimps, or Madge Chard's toque of many pansies. These are not like the famous toques of old, being only half the size or less; semi-toques or semi-demi toques. This house also has a flirtive affair of mixed primulas which would not be at all too *jeune fille* on the average Leading Lady with her jubilee behind her.

Madge Chard's flair for the flippant



"Let's see now, last year I was away in June."



has produced, among other frolicsome drolleries, an upturned white cotton flower-pot with black spots and crimson chiffon swathe. But she also shows serious little straws in pure white and tan, and a pensive big-brimmed straw, caramel coloured, with open-work weave which filters chequered sun and shade upon the face. This tan colour, call it caramel, call it burnt sugar, call it barley sugar, is the colour of the season: most chaste with white, most modish with black. Hugh Beresford uses it for an Edwardian sailor, a little-boy sailor with bigish brim turned up all round and a black velvet ribbon—for this house is not of the persuasion that hats must be either very big or very small this year. He shows coolies of all sizes, and he shows an "Eva Bartok" model with steep wavy brim. He is also one of the few to present pastel felts. His lemon felt bowler with a curled brim, a flower, a pinch of veiling, might well be chosen as one of England's fastest bowlers. And for Ascot he has a tiny round pastel felt, whirled about with osprey; for, it seems, there must always be *some* osprey for Ascot.

Flowers, even more than hats, are things of short seasons, and the shrewd will realize that mimosa and lily-of-the-valley will be *fin-de-saison* before the season really starts. Beresford concentrates mainly on fruit and roses, which

can carry right through to a St. Luke's summer. One rose is enough, if it is big enough. His little midget sailors have one big red rose, either fore or aft, but never to port or starboard.

Big black hats (and most big hats *are* black) are plain, no trimmings, the interest being concentrated in the line and in the weave of the straw. There is Fath's immense black chimney-pot with steep extinguishing brim. A connoisseur's hat, this, which to some might recall Pope's Calypso:

"Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,

Was just not ugly, and was just not mad."

Then there are the more conventional *plateaux* of France, the cartwheels of England—dead flat brims, completely crownless or half a crown at most. And then again there are coolies. Coolies keep cropping up like toadstools and, seen on a hat-stand, very like toadstools they are, especially the ones with contrasting gills. But seen above a really modern face, a Chinese-white coolie with black underbrim is very urban, very urbane.

Hats are the dragonflies of the dress world and, ideally, they should flit across one sunny scene and then appear no more. It might therefore be argued that it is better to buy cheap summer hats and many of them, rather than put all one's money into one good straw. Yet hats by the dozen can never work the magic of one model hat. A model hat, whether it is made directly for the milliner's client, or sold in a model-millinery department, is made every stitch by hand, from its own individual block to the flowers that deck it. It differs from a wholesale hat in the same old way as the thing created with hands always does differ from goods *ex machina*: as the painting from the colour-print; as the sculpture which shows the mark of the thumb, from the cast that repeats the ridge of the mould.

But if not hats by the dozen, maybe gloves by the dozen. Cotton gloves have now altogether lost their shame, and, in summer, are altogether accepted, altogether necessary. Hats and gloves should be complementary, and this should be easy enough with the excellent washable hand-sewn cotton gloves now in the shops, both elbow length and wrist length . . . although they are displayed in such an embarrassment of rich

colours, such subtleties of pastels, that one is in the same agony of indecision at the glove counter as the child in a sweet shop. In France, these "suède-finished" cottons now have established rivals in gloves made of cool nylon fabrics, which can set out freshly washed every morning. This particular Parisian spring has brought out a hatchment of candy-striped and polka-dotted nylon gloves, and also of striped and spotted sets of cotton gloves and berets, or gloves and flower-pot hats. These may not, however, invade England; more serious threats have been thrown back from our shores before now.

"HOLDINGS WHICH ARE NOT COMMERCIAL FARMS. Such holdings may have buildings which are not either residences, farm buildings, or workers' cottages in the ordinary farming sense. Occupiers are requested to enter them either as residences, farm buildings or workers' cottages according to which description most nearly covers the position."

From a Ministry of Agriculture form

We're worried over the gazebo.



"Well, it doesn't look too high to me."

Authors v. Publishers

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE T.M.S

SIR,—May I point out with reference to the forthcoming Authors v. Publishers cricket match that it is only right to remember that no Author could ever have become an Author if he had not found a publisher to publish him? It is quite fair that the Authors' leg-byes should be credited to the Authors' score, since it is only a minority of creative artists who create with their legs, but it is only reasonable that all runs—other than leg-byes—scored by the Authors should be credited to the Publishers.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
WILLIAM LONGSTOP
London, W.1.

Sir,—No one can reasonably object to a certain proportion of the Authors' score—whether the correct percentage be 10 per cent or 25 per cent—being credited to the Publishers. But it is only fair to remember that, though the Publishers are entirely responsible for the Authors being authors, they are not entirely responsible for their being cricketers. There are some Authors who learnt to bat before they learnt to write, and even some who play cricket for the fun of it rather than merely to increase their sales.

There are of course many cases where the Publisher has actually coached his Author at the nets for some evenings before the match. In such cases it would be perfectly reasonable that a

proportion of the Author's runs (if any) should be credited to the Publisher. But each case should be treated on its merits. My objection is to a standardized, all-inclusive contract. Variety is after all the spice of life. The whole difficult question of the right relation between Author and Publisher, whether on or off the field, needs re-examination.

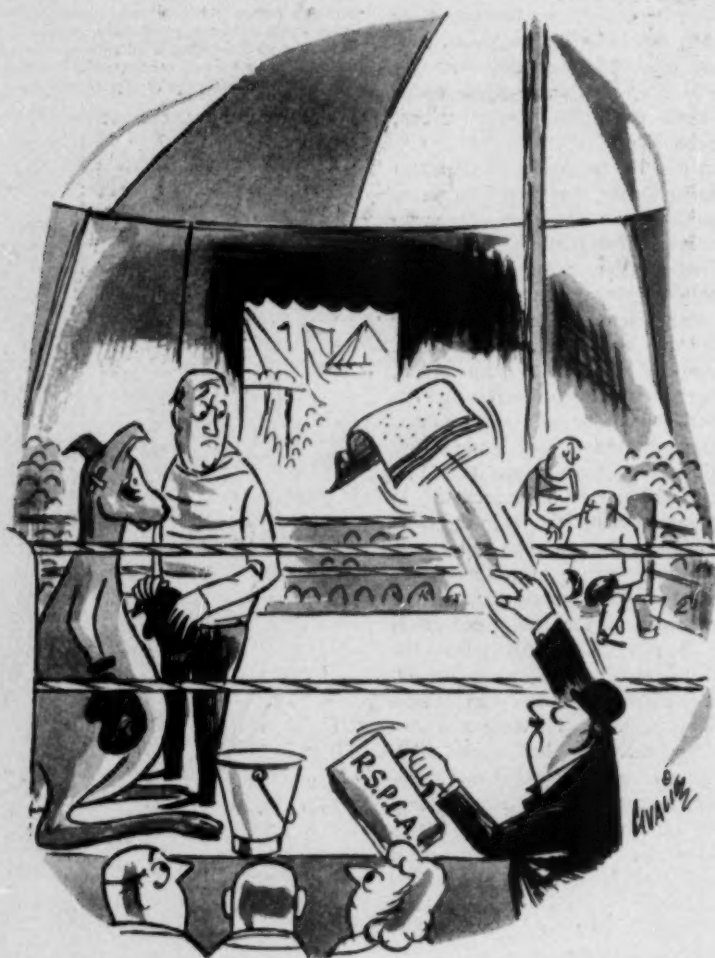
Yours, etc.,
G. D. H. BOWL
London, S.W.

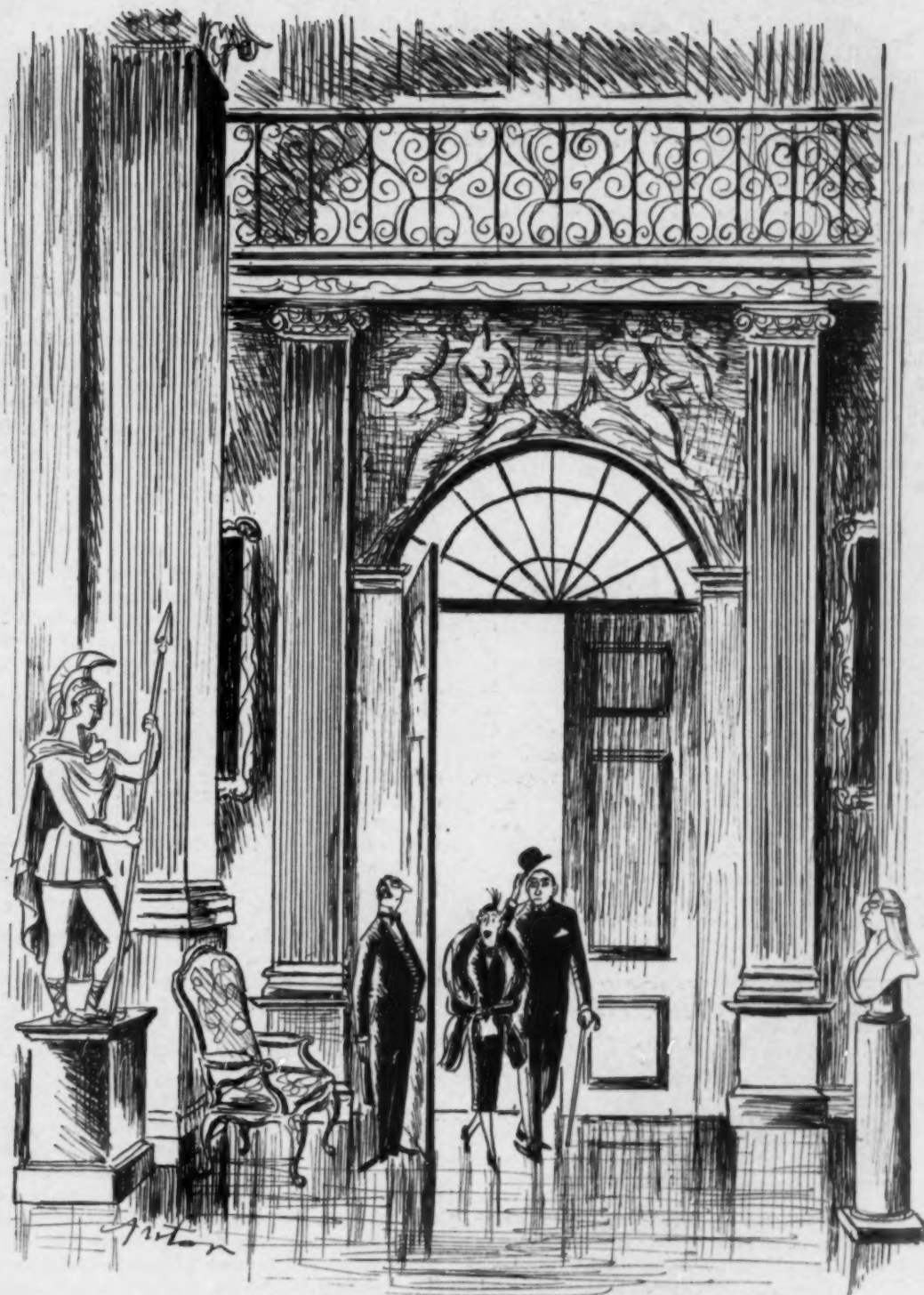
Sir,—It has been argued that if the runs scored by Authors are credited to the Publishers the game will be one-sided. I am sorry that such a point should have been raised. Is there not a certain narrowness in the very word "one-sided"? Is not the relationship between Author and Publisher essentially one of partners? Can we not rise above mere thoughts of winning and losing? The game after all is more than the player of the game, and the cause which we all, Authors and Publishers alike, seek to serve is the cause of cricket. That being so, is it not right that a clause should be inserted in all contracts to the effect that all drinks stood by Publishers to Authors, or vice versa, should be charged to the M.C.C.? We must face the facts, unpleasant though they may be. Without such an encouragement it is difficult to see how either Authors or Publishers will be able to remain in business, and it is on their solvency after all that the future alike of cricket and of brewing is so largely dependent.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
H. E. BAILS
Horsham, Sussex.

A B.B.C. STATEMENT

A B.B.C. announcer explained that, though the B.B.C. had nothing whatsoever to do with either Authors, Publishers or the M.C.C., and had no idea what it was all about, nevertheless they wished to apologize unreservedly to all concerned. In a short statement on the Home Service after the 9 o'clock news the Director of Apologies apologized for apologizing.





"What a wonderful smell of cooking!"



PRIESTLEY'S PRIMER Lessons for Little Ones



NAT-URE BOYS

NED'S fath-er is in the Nat-ure rack-et. He does well out of it. He is on the up and up. Since the war more and more chaps and girls want to know a-bout wild life. Per-haps they are so tame them-selves they have to learn a-bout wild life. Thou-sands now love beasts and birds. They are mad on pond life, wood-land life, days on the heath. This is where Ned's fath-er comes in. He is an old wild life hand. He is a bird and beast man from way back. He has those ponds and heaths in his pock-et. All day and most nights he is the lov-ing stu-dent of nat-ure. Ten pounds a thou-sand words. Fif-teen for broad-cast talks. Twen-ty and up for lect-ures. These may be paid in notes on the spot. Then they are off tax. It is nice work. Ned's fath-er has it taped. Books too, of course. All told he made a-bout twelve hun-dred quid out of his lit-tle pal, the Red Squir-rel. The Bit-tern is work-ing out at for-ty a week. Next sea-son he hopes to clean up on mixed sea-birds. Now he has two men and a girl work-ing for him. Ned says he will soon join his fath-er. He says—Boy, try and stop me. It will not be long be-fore he too is lov-ing nat-ure like mad. Ned is smart like his old man. They will be in it to-gether, split-ting the dates. They will make a pack-et.



THE FILM STAR

THIS is a rich place to eat in. Look—Sam—there is a film star. She is drop-ping ash on her food. Who has giv-en her such nice teeth? It must be sad for her to be here. She likes best to cook at home. She hates to eat in a rich



place like this with men look-ing at her. All she wants when her work is done is home sweet home. At heart she is just a girl wife. She has had six hus-bands. They are all good friends still. When she is not cook-ing she loves to read. She reads Ein-stein, Toyn-bee and Proust in a girl-ish way. When she is not film-ing she does not care a-bout her looks. She will wear an-y old thing. If a thief takes her fur coats and

jew-els she does not mind. Of course to-night it is not the same. Her film men have made her come here and look grand. They say she must show off. It is good for the films though sad for her. No, she does not look sad. But then she knows how to act. See how she talks to those two fat dark men. What can she be talk-ing a-bout? Per-haps a-bout Jung, Kaf-ka or nu-cle-ar fis-sion. If we try hard per-haps we can hear. Is she say-ing she has had a lous-y break? What a shame! Let us tell her to go home and put on old things. But—look, Sam—she has met an-oth-er film star. They pre-tend to kiss. They are great friends. They ad-mire each oth-er's art. It is a fine sight. Now both drop ash on food.

CIV-IL SER-VANT

OH both-er—now it is rain-ing. We can-not go and play with the nice Civ-il Ser-vant. Last time, Ben and I went. We thought it was great fun. There were trays called *In* and *Out*. We mixed them up and all thought it a fine joke. We had tea four times. All in fun we tore up a lot of things called me-mos. It did not mat-ter at all. They are no use. It is a kind of game they play there. Ben and I took turns to answ-er the tel-e-phone while the nice Civ-il Ser-vant rest-ed. All we had to do was to say *No No No*. Some of those who rang up were ver-y cross. Some were ver-y sad. They all want-ed per-mits to do some-thing. But Ben and I said *No No No*. The nice Civ-il Ser-vant and his friends who came in all said we were ver-y good. They said we were sound types and had just the right tone. Ben asked for red tape but there was none to spare. The nice Civ-il Ser-vant said that next time we could have some. No, he will not mind if you go, Ned, in-stead of Ben. He just wants some-one to play with. See—it is not rain-ing now. We will take a cake for him to eat with all his teas. Hur-rah!



MEET-ING

YES, this is the meet-ing. We must keep still and not shout or they will ask us to leave. It is not a pret-ty hall. It looks rath-er sad in spite of the flags they have put up. No, I do not know why this Part-y claims the flags. Per-haps they think the flags be-long to them. These are the speak-ers who come on to the plat-form. The one who looks old and tired is called the Chair-man. No, he is not the grand-est one. The grand-est one sits by his side. He is in the Cab-i-net. That is why he looks so im-port-ant. He knows all the great se-crets. Now the Chair-man is speak-ing to us. No, I do not know why he calls us his friends. Now he is mak-ing a

small joke. All those on the plat-form have to laugh. It serves them right. He is tell-ing us a-bout the grand Cab-i-net one. He says how luck-y we are to hear such a man. Next he will say "With-out more a-do—" for all chair-men say



this. Yes, he has said it. Now for Cab-i-net mas-ter mind. He looks as if he has a sol-emn warn-ing for us. I am right. He has. He frowns. He shakes his head. He warns us that world aff-airs are bad and that a new and worse war could come. He talks as if we had done it. When did we make world aff-airs bad? It is his job, not ours. What is the use of warn-ing us? Let him warn Down-ing Street. He is a fraud. Can we creep out of this meet-ing?

FARM-ER BROWN

PAT and I have a book. In this book there is a farm-er. He is large and fat and has red cheeks. He is jol-ly and eats a lot. Boys and girls would like this farm-er. But he is on-ly in a book. See—here is Farm-er Brown who is not in a book. He is not like the one in the book. He is thin and pale. His eyes are bad. He fills in too man-y forms. He frets a-bout the bank. He reads too much. He has to add up fig-ures. Then he must sub-tract much big-ger fig-ures. For him it is a dead loss. So he is not jol-ly. And his wife is not jol-ly. She knows she has made a bad mis-take. She could have wed the man who keeps the wire-less shop. That would have been more fun. Farm-er Brown does not eat a lot. It makes him sick. He has no fat hors-es like the one in the book. He has mach-ines that do not go. He does not want to give boys and girls a good time. He does not like boys and girls. Now Pat and I will leave the farm. We will go home and look at our book. The farm-er in the book is best.



FOOT-BALL MATCH

I HOPE you will like this foot-ball match, May. This foot-ball is the great game here. Hark to all the men shout-ing. Some shout for the red shirts. Some shout for the green shirts. Each shouts for his own team. But these teams change a lot. Last week that green shirt was one of the red shirts. Then on Thurs-day the green shirt team bought him for twen-ty thou-sand pounds. So now he is a green shirt. All the green shirt men here cheer him. He is one of their her-oes now. They will not mind if he plays rough. It is the red shirt crowd now who will hoot him if he is rough. They will tell the ref-er-ee to send him off.

All this is called sports-man-ship, May. It is hard to und-er-stand but all part of our Brit-ish way of life. Yes, the ref they are shout-ing at now is the one who does not kick the ball. I do not think he has come here to see that the green shirts will win. The hor-rid man with the big red ros-ette is wrong to tell you that. He is too much a fan of the red shirts. He has been drink-ing on the train all the way from the red shirt town. Sec—the man who was a red shirt but is now a green shirt has kicked the ball in-to the net. It looks as if the green shirts will win now. They are the bet-ter team. How luck-y they were to have twen-ty thou-sand



pounds to spend. No, May, please do not talk to the man with the red ros-ette. He is not say-ing nice things. And all next week in his red shirt town he will keep on saying nas-ty things about the green shirts and the ref. The life of a sports-man is hard.
J. B. PRIESTLEY

Nocturne in All Flats

NOW falls the circumambient pall of Night
O'er all the maisonettes of S.E.3.
Immediately they all switch off the light
And leave the world to darkness and TV.

Stabbing the studded sable of the sky
(Full marks!) lone churches raise aërial flèches,
A hundred-thousand-fold outnumbered by
The maisonettes that raise their aerial Hs.

Under those prongs the rude forefather sits,
Doped by the programme's anæsthetic rot,
Potential rod of empire all to bits,
Celestial fire, etc., gone to pot.

Here wilts a T. S. Eliot unborn;
There Sitwells droop whom Foyle's shall never know;
A Churchill watered down by Kenneth Horne;
An Eisenhower sunk by "Down You Go."

However—here I closely follow Gray—
Inglorious Bevans also blush unseen;
Suburb McCarthys, mute, of purest ray,
Waste all their fragrance on their TV screen.

That being so, our gloom can be alloyed:
All mortal odds should, e.g., guarantee
For each rude Winston lost that we avoid
Three Gilbert Hardings, ruder still. Suits me!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

A Journalist Looks Back

I Remember the Times

By CLAUD COCKBURN

STRANGERS thought he must be a famous actor, or Envoy Extraordinary of some very civilized State. In the grey dawn of an all-night poker session he seemed, rather, the phantom of the original Mississippi Gambler, so sardonic, debonair, and quick on the draw. Smiling thoughtfully in the inner circle around the President at a White House reception, he suggested an angularly handsome Mephistopheles, wondering whether or not to wave a conjuring hand and transform the company into swans and bullfrogs.

High-placed Americans insisted he was the secret chief of the British Intelligence Service in the United States.

He was in fact the Washington Correspondent of *The Times*.

Years before he became, officially, Sir Willmott Lewis, American colleagues recognized the *panache* of his

personality by referring to Willmott Harsant Lewis as The Knight of New Hampshire Avenue, where the windows of his big house rattled half the night to the gossip of the best-informed people in Washington. When he was knighted they asked whether they should address him in some new way.

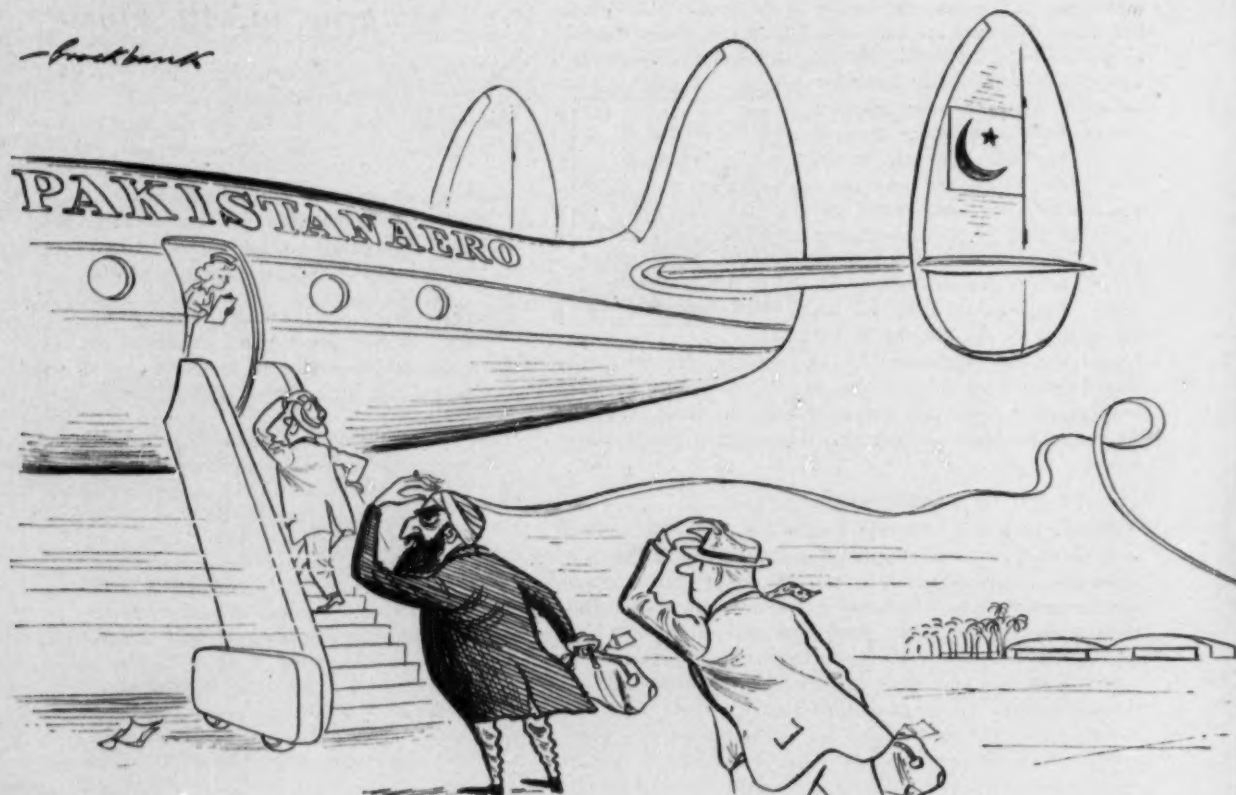
"You will continue," he said, "to address me as 'you old s.o.b.', but from now on you have to smile as you say that."

Up-to-the-minute as a portable voice recorder, he yet had about him a flavour which evoked the Europe of the late 'nineties. In his teens he had been at the Universities of both Heidelberg and Paris, and one of a group of *avant garde* poets and critics who met at the *Closierie des Lilas*. He admitted occasional nostalgia for a continent he had scarcely seen in twenty-five years.

"Nevertheless," he said, "Washington—which poor Viviani, when he led

the French Delegation to the Disarmament Conference, was tactless enough to describe as '*un Versailles nègre*,' thus (you figure to yourself the reactions of Southern Senators to whom his ill-timed, if apt, remark was, I need hardly tell you, instantly communicated) stabbing himself in the back, a performance singularly otiose in a city where so many stand only too eagerly ready to do it for you—Washington has many amenities and compensations, not least among them the fact that it is the last world capital still resisting Americanization."

Among the amenities he enjoyed were the rare, perhaps unique, local prestige and international influence his abilities had achieved for him during his first years in the capital. He had come to be regarded generally as more important than most Ambassadors most of the time, and always much more fun. It was a situation he appreciated without illusions.



"The advantage," he remarked to me as we sat eating enormous oysters in a tiny yacht on the Potomac, "of having spent a good deal of one's early life on—not to put too fine a point on it—the bum, is that one learns never to take even a square meal entirely for granted."

As a very young man he had been for a time an actor, down and nearly out. He had sat up at night in an Eastbourne lodging house writing fresh material for the bankrupt troupe, himself among them, to act next day. It was presumably during this period that he acquired a kind of barn-storming fruitiness and floridity of tone and gesture which sometimes disconcerted the stolid.

"As you gaze, Mr. President," I once heard him say to President Hoover, "into the future, as you peer down the grey vista of the years, do you not apprehend, sir, that the problems of the United States are problems not only of growth but"—the voice sank to a vibrant whisper—"of decay?"

The President seemed bemused alike by the question itself and by the sudden extension of arm and hand which accompanied it, the index finger pointing menacingly down the grey vista. The incident must have disturbed him, for a few days later he made a speech in which he said that the United States faced problems only of growth, not of decay.

An abruptly switch-backing course took young Mr. Lewis from London to Shanghai. In the Far East he was alternately on top of the world, reduced to helping manage a toughish bar, and presently internationally recognized as one of the most ingenious and brilliant war correspondents in the Russo-Japanese War.

He edited a newspaper in Manila, worked as a sports writer in San Francisco, was "hard pressed" again in New York, emerged, penultimately, in Paris at the moment of the Versailles

Conference. Deeply impressed, Mr. Wickham Steed, then Editor of *The Times*, introduced him to Lord Northcliffe. The meeting was, in a sense, a failure. Apparently Lewis, as was his habit, illustrated his conversation with rather frequent quotations from the French minor poets. Lord Northcliffe complained that the man was a damned foreigner. He compromised by agreeing that he be hired provided he was sent somewhere far off. They thought first of Tokyo, finally agreed on Washington.

By the time I met him his prestige was alarming and his dispatches were misleadingly described as models of what such things should be—misleadingly, because anyone trying to imitate those superbly individual works of art would have come a nasty cropper. As a result of some emergency requiring his presence in London for a couple of months, I had been sent, at a few days' notice, to stand in for him in Washington. I had little experience of journalism, less of the United States, none of Washington.

It would have been totally unnerving if Willmott Lewis, by a kind of courteous hypnosis, had not succeeded, at least temporarily, in creating for myself and everyone else the illusion that I was a person of such enormous experience and ability that—with a hint or two, probably unnecessary, from him—I could effortlessly take charge of the situation.

There were only twenty-four hours before he had to leave. Comment flowed briskly as he hurried me on a conducted tour of personalities and situations. ("In fairness to Senator Cole Blease, old boy, it must be said that he has the unique distinction of combining in his sole person all the disadvantages attaching to the democratic form of Government.") "One should perhaps avoid being hyper-critical of acts of high policy. Take the charitable view,



bearing in mind that every Government will do as much harm as it can and as much good as it must." "Do not underestimate his capacity for snatching defeat from the very jaws of victory." "Inspiring, is it not, to see eyes so ablaze with insincerity?" "He will always be happy to advise you. You may rely on him to maintain a firm grip on the obvious.")

Just before leaving, he suddenly presented me with the best piece of advice I ever had. "I think it well," he said, "to remember that when writing for the newspapers we are writing for an elderly lady in Hastings who has two cats of which she is passionately fond. Unless our stuff can successfully compete for her interest with those cats, it is *no good*."

Despite all this, I was uneasy. Left to myself, I thought, I should write something terribly mistaken, causing panic in London and losing the Empire. Sensing my emotion, Lewis pushed head and shoulders out of his leaving taxi and shouted "Whatever happens, don't be nervous. Remember, old boy"—the taxi was moving faster now, and



"So much for the bulk of the estate; now for the residue."

he had to shout through the driving sleet—"whatever happens, you are right and London is wrong!"

He had been away many weeks, was in fact just returning, before I grasped the full extent of his own faith in this statement. He had invited me to stay in his house and also use it as my office. He had omitted even to mention that there was, in fact, a *Times* office in Washington. I found it by accident one day when I was wandering through a downtown office building looking for something else. It was locked. I obtained a passkey. The door moved with difficulty. When I did get inside I found it had been jammed by a cascade of cablegrams and letters pushed, daily for months and months, through the letter slit.

Most of the cables were from *The Times*, some of them sent since I had taken over, most of them of earlier date. They said "Urgently require 700 words on..." and "Please cable most urgently

full coverage of..." "Must have to-morrow latest..."

Appalled, I met Lewis on his return with the dreadful news: I supposed it due to some ghastly mistake by the cable company. He looked at the cables distastefully. "Ah yes," he said, "perhaps I should have told you. London, you know, *does* these things. I have always found it best to maintain a certain distance. Better to decide for oneself what to send and when to send it."

Relieved, I asked him why he had refused the Foreign Editorship of *The Times* which had been offered him.

"I am too scabrous an individual," he said, "to survive for long the rarefied air of Printing House Square. I did, however, offer to become their London correspondent—reporting, you know, on the motives and personalities of political activity there with the same interest and detachment one seeks to display here. They didn't," he said,

looking happily out at Washington, his expression more Machiavellian than usual, "seem awfully keen on the idea. I wonder why not?"

The roar of the Press Club dining-room engulfed us. Lewis, listening to a fierce political discussion, seemed a little tired. He said he kept remembering the dream a French poet, a friend of his, once had, in which he saw the whole world covered by an inundation. Only the tops of the highest spires and steeples poked above the flood, and the only survivors were some parrots which perched on these and, taught by men, kept screeching out "Justice! Progress! Freedom!"

"Bill," said one of the dinner guests, "you're a nasty old cynic."

Willmott Lewis looked at him haughtily. "Cynic? Not at all, old boy. If humanity leaves such memories to the birds it will have been a considerable achievement, something of which we may all be proud."

I Was Crawfie's Grocer

By ALEX ATKINSON

PERHAPS I really should admit right at the very very beginning (to clear up any possible misconceptions, as the saying goes!) that it might be a *little* nearer the actual sober truth if I were to say I was Crawfie's *mother's* grocer. Or, indeed, for all I know, her father's, or her aunt's. I don't want to be accused of exaggeration. And, when I think of it, I wasn't *strictly speaking* her grocer at all, but her grocer's *assistant*, which as you will agree is a very different thing. The credit for being Crawfie's actual *grocer* must go to Mr. Simmonds.

Treasured Moments

Nor do I want you to think for one moment that I wish to *boast* of my association with a figure who is after all almost as much a legend as Mrs. Dale. It was, I suppose, strictly speaking, the merest chance that caused our paths to cross. And I must be the first to admit that it may not have been Crawfie at all, although I do like to think so—don't you?

However, be that as it may, the die is cast, and I am embarked upon my series, and the first thing I must say is, oh, how sorry I am I didn't have the foresight to take any snapshots! Ah, when I think of the opportunities I might have had, had I but had a camera to capture (as it were) for all time some of those historic incidents. Crawfie opening her purse to put away a sixpence I had given her for change of half a crown! Crawfie holding a bag of flour in her own two tiny hands! Old Mr. Simmonds handing her a pound of cheese—or again, on another occasion, handing her *half* a pound of cheese! Old Mr. Simmonds' doggie barking at Crawfie! (Not that there was really much actual *danger*, for Spot would not have hurt so much as a fly if he could have helped it, I hasten to add.) Crawfie opening the door of the shop by turning the handle! Oh, so many treasured moments...

Little Did I Think

Little did I think, that first October morning when Crawfie walked in and asked in clear, childish tones for a tin of syrup, that she would one day grow up to be a regular contributor to

Woman's Own. I say little did I think—but I must confess I *did* think a *little*. Just for an instant I had what the poet has called in a timeless phrase an intimation of mortality, and I said to myself "One day her name will be on all lips."

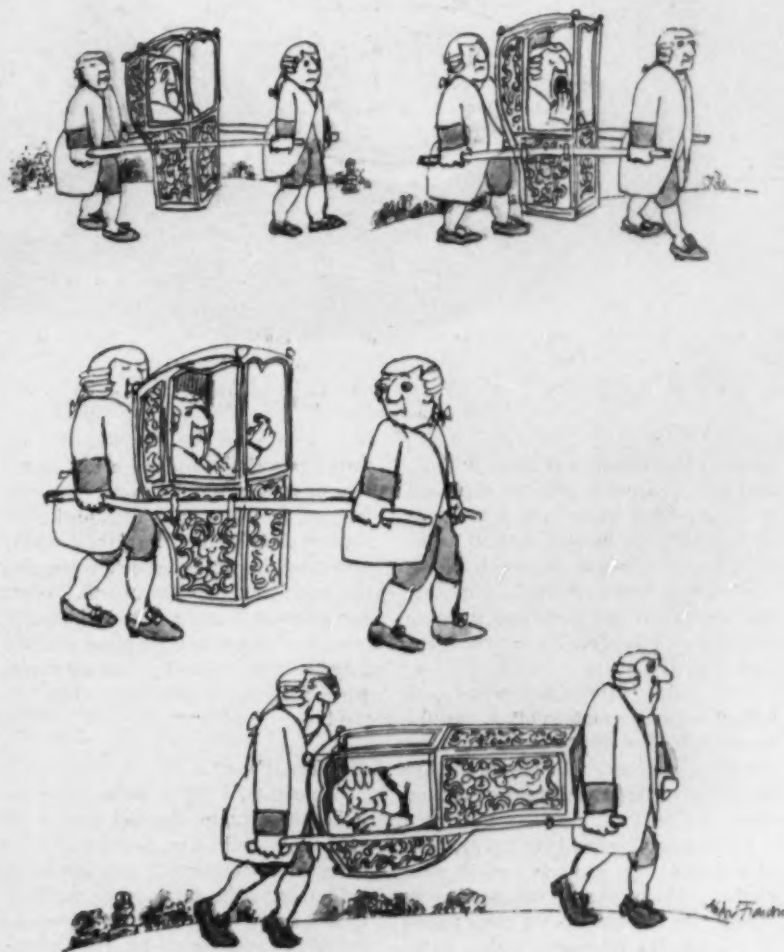
Oh, she was cut out for something all right—you could tell. But—that she was to be chosen by Providence to make *Royalty living things* in the minds of all true Britons—that you could *not* tell. Let me try to describe her for you, as she was then. Let me try, at least, to persuade you that she was, after all, even at that early age, *not* so very very different (outwardly, at all events) from the little girl who lives next door.

She had, to begin with, only one head.

Then, again, I remember she used to wear a glove on her left hand and another (matching) on her right hand—except in the warm weather, when I used to notice that she often wore no gloves at all. I put this down to the fact that she, like many ordinary little girls—I'm sure you know several yourself—felt warmer in the warm weather than in the cold weather, and (probably) *vice versa*, as the saying goes.

When She Took a Bath

Her shoes used to fasten at the front, and when she spoke, her lips would move—coming together when she wished to make a "B" sound, and forming (roughly) a circle for "O"





"Number 53 'Enigma.'"

sounds. Her mouth was the only thing she could speak with, although she could also make what I can only describe as *gestures* with her hands, with or without gloves. She was noticeably clean-shaven, and when she walked quickly she seemed to get from one place to another in less time than when she walked slowly.

On a certain date each year she used to become twelve months older, and she had a marked inability to be in more than one place at a time. (We always used to say she would grow out of that, and no doubt she has.)

I never saw her smoking a pipe, even at that early age, and she used to wear clothes, which she would invariably remove (as I heard from a close friend of the family) when she took a bath.

Sometimes she would eat a toffee, and I was struck by the habit she had (almost, I used to think with pride, like my own little brother Harry) of carefully removing the wrapping before popping the sweetmeat into her mouth. When her milk-teeth came out, incidentally, other teeth grew in their place, and you may be sure she found them very useful, particularly at mealtimes, when she used to eat food.

Not Too Fanciful

Sometimes, I regret to say, she was rather naughty, for she had quite a will of her own, and I have heard it said that once, in a "tantrum," she threw her teddy-bear right down on to the floor! I remember, too, that whenever she closed her eyes very tight, she was able

to see nothing at all—a faculty which I believe has remained with her to this very day.

I do hope I have *not* given you the impression that the youthful Crawfie was in any essential way really *different* from the majority of her school-fellows. In fact, in many ways she was *like* them, or at any rate *similar*, if not entirely the *same*. But it is not too fanciful to assume (is it?) that even at that early age there was stirring within her a realization that one day she was to create a new and unique profession for herself, and make quite a go of it. At any rate, I like to think so—don't you?

(NEXT WEEK: "Crawfie and the Jar of Pickles.")

Patent Applied For

**Tuesday, April 27**

Even Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL could not inject much vitality into the proceedings of a House that clearly felt the Easter recess had ended too soon. All that Members wanted to know was: had we made any new commitments over the Far East? They sat patiently through a very short list of questions until at around three o'clock—half an hour before the usual time for questions to end—Mr. ATTLEE popped his private-notice question. Sir WINSTON, whose pale complexion among the surrounding tan testified to the work he had put in during the hols., made a statement that lasted a few minutes only; all it said, virtually, was that we weren't going to make up our minds about anything until we did so at the Geneva discussions. Members received this lack of news with an appropriate lack of emotion, though they conjured up a tiny cheer, mostly from the Government side, when Sir WINSTON promised that whatever we promised to do at Geneva we would do. Mr. BEVAN sat silent on a back-bench below the gangway.

House of Commons:
Wait and See

Lethargy then took over once more as Mr. RALPH MORLEY voiced a plea for smaller classes in schools.

Wednesday, April 28

Mr. HENRY HOPKINSON put the Commons into a contented frame of mind with his statement on the Gold Coast constitution. Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS, Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, even Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY, all rose to express their satisfaction.

House of Commons:
Eat, Drink and Be Merry
House of Lords:
For To-morrow—?

Major LLOYD-GEORGE found the second reading of the Slaughterhouses Bill a convenient springboard from which to announce details of the unrationing of meat on July 3. The Opposition found this news little to their taste; Mr. ROBENS reckoned that it would mean "absolute chaos," and Mr. CHARLES ROYLE, who claimed to be the only Member who had ever worked in a slaughterhouse, thought he might have to go back to it in view

of the shortage of slaughtermen in the country. The Bill got a second reading by seven o'clock, however, leaving the House to consider the matter of bus, tram and trolley fares.

The adjournment debate on homosexuality was notable for the breadth of view taken by all those who participated in it. It ended with a promise from Sir HUGH LUCAS-TOOTH that the Home Secretary and the Secretary of State for Scotland would appoint a Royal Commission to look at the matter.

Disrationing was far from their Lordships' minds. Their concern was whether the world's food supplies could keep pace with the increase in world population; and since (according to Lord SAMUEL) this has increased by 150 per cent in the last hundred years and will (according to Lord BEVERIDGE) increase by 100 per cent by 1980, their concern seemed all too well founded.

Thursday, April 29

The clause that Mr. BESWICK proposed to introduce into the Atomic Energy Authority Bill provided ostensibly that the Authority

House of Commons:
Bombs
House of Lords:
Birds

should not make a hydrogen bomb until specifically told to by Parliament; but it was clear that most of the clause's supporters intended that Parliament should never take that step. Mr. BESWICK, who had been so practical the last time the bomb was debated, found that this venture into metaphysics landed him among some strange company. It included Mr. BEVAN—a curiously diminished figure on the Bevanite bench—who did not seem terribly clear what it was all about but was sure it ought to be carried to a vote, whatever the leaders of the Party thought. So, in due time, it was; and was negatived by the telling margin of 219 to 63. The sixty-three dissidents included three Labour Whips, so it appears that Mr. ATTLEE will have to turn his attention to yet another potential split in his forces. Later the Bill was given its third reading.

In the Upper House, Lady TWEEDSMUIR sat by intently while Lord

TWEEDSMUIR presented her Protection of Birds Bill to their Lordships. The Lords (who have already dealt with a closely similar Bill nurtured by Lord TEMPLEWOOD) love a really important practical measure of this kind, and gave the Bill a good going-over which was still in progress when they rose at half past seven.

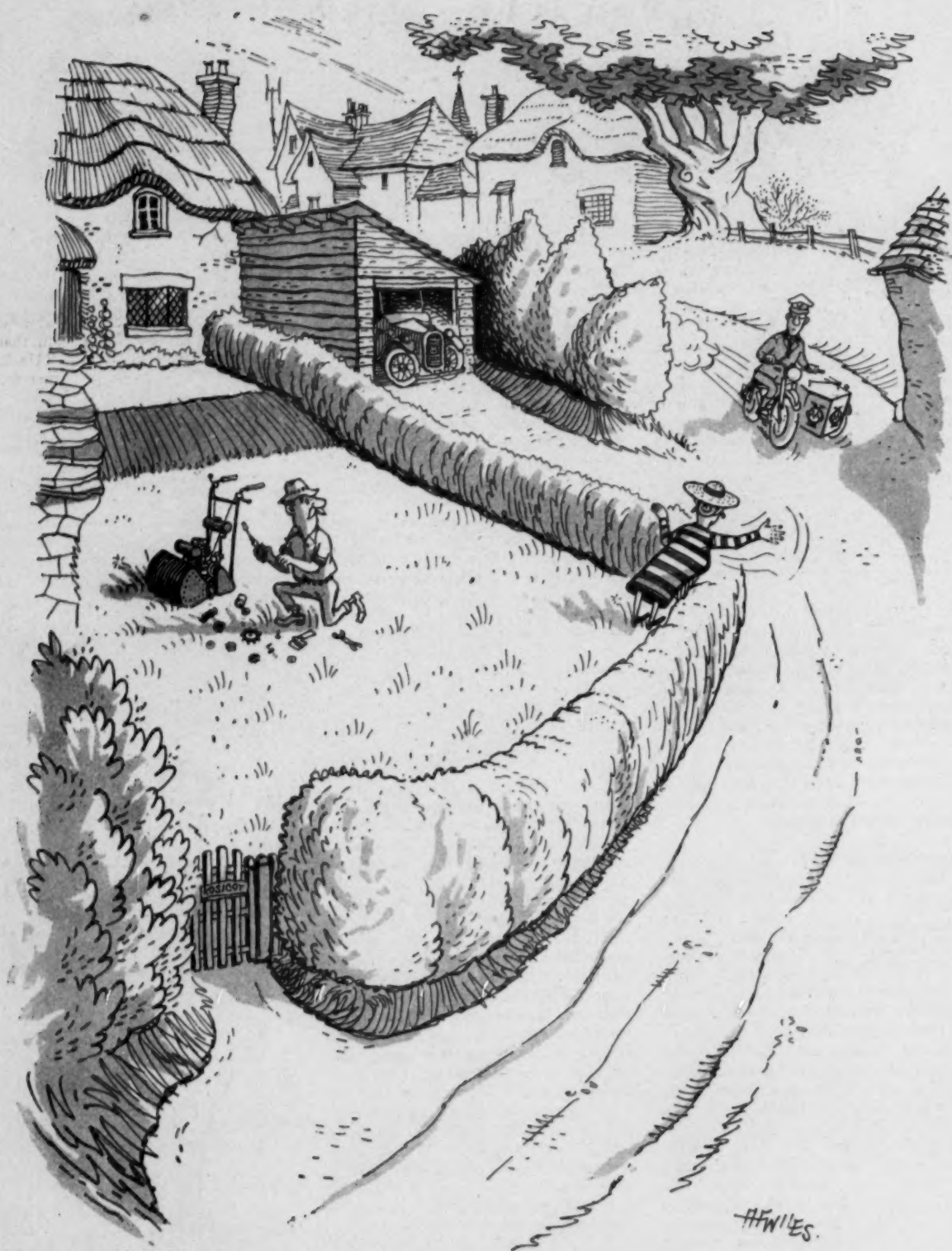
Friday, April 30

A barely-perceptible sprinkling of Members, most of whom declared some kind of interest, resisted the lure of the bright spring sunshine to debate Lieutenant-Commander JOHN BALDOCK's resolution calling attention to the worsening market for home-grown timber. The debate remained, in consequence, on a strictly utilitarian level.

B. A. YOUNG



Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir





BOOKING OFFICE

The Real Tragedy

The Second World War. VOL. VI:
TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY. Winston S.
Churchill. Cassell, 30/-

DURING the Potsdam conference Mr. Churchill rode about Berlin in an open jeep, giving the V-sign to the hungry, haggard Germans who flocked to see, and to cheer, him. But when the visitors were arriving on the stand for the British Victory Parade in the Tiergarten on July 21, it was not for him that the troops reserved their loudest applause; it was for Mr. Attlee. The Prime Minister does not mention this in his record; it may be that his mind that day was taken up with other things ("How many cannon have you, General?" he asked the G.O.C. British Troops Berlin). But he notes at that same period:

I opened a soldiers' club for the 7th Armoured Division . . . They all sang "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow" and were entirely friendly. I thought I detected a certain air of sheepishness, which might be due to most of them having voted adversely.

They had indeed voted "adversely." A few days later the new Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, was levered on to a jeep in Kladow Barracks to address the men of the 5th Royal Horse Artillery. They expected him to announce universal and immediate demobilization; he gave them conventional words of praise and encouragement. "Tony Eden could have said all that," said a disgruntled N.C.O. afterwards (for in that Army we knew all the great by their Christian names), "and said it much better"; though as Mr. Bevin had inherited Mr. Eden's private secretary as well as his office it is possible that Mr. Eden might not have said it very differently.

There, it seems to me, is the real tragedy of that time. "I have called this volume *Triumph and Tragedy*," says Sir Winston in his preface, "because the overwhelming victory of the Grand Alliance has failed to bring general peace to our anxious world." The rift between Russia and the West was waxing, not waning, at Yalta; between Yalta and Potsdam it burst wide open, in spite of the emollient civilities of the

leaders on both sides. Churchill might have coped with it if he had been allowed to continue in office in 1945; but the electorate deprived him of the opportunity, without really meaning to. They thought of Socialism in terms of demobilization and post-war credits and a land fit for heroes to live in; it did not even occur to them to wonder whether



inter-allied negotiations would suffer by the loss of the "knowledge and experience, the authority and goodwill" that Churchill had gathered in so many countries during the preceding five years.

It would be interesting to know to what extent Mr. Attlee, when he took office, inherited that knowledge and experience. Speaking of Roosevelt's death and the succession to the presidency of Vice-President Truman, Sir Winston remarks "In Mr. Eden I had a colleague who knew everything and could at any moment take over the direction." Elsewhere he says plainly, "I had always looked upon Mr. Eden as my successor, and had so advised the King." But Mr. Attlee, not Mr. Eden, was Deputy Prime Minister; perhaps the answer is that he inherited the knowledge but not the experience, authority or goodwill.

The Yalta conference ended on February 11, 1945. It was marked by an almost sycophantic friendliness. Here is Churchill on Stalin, at dinner in the Yusupov Palace:

I walk through this world with greater courage and hope when I find myself in a relation of friendship and

intimacy with this great man, whose fame has gone out not only over Russia but over the whole world.

Stalin on Churchill:

. . . the most courageous of all Prime Ministers in the world, embodying political experience with military leadership . . . the man who is born once in a hundred years.

There had, it is true, been an awkward incident when Roosevelt told Stalin that he and Churchill called him "Uncle Joe," and Stalin angrily demanded "When can I leave this table?" But by and large the atmosphere of mutual trust was real enough to enable the Prime Minister to tell the Commons on February 27, when they were discussing Poland, that he could "proclaim his confidence in Soviet good faith."

Yet on that very day the Russians were violating their word in Rumania; three weeks later they furiously attacked the Allies over the negotiations with the S.S. General Wolff in Berne; and at the same time they were cynically cheating over Poland. With his vast experience and acumen, Churchill must have seen that he was being hoodwinked; yet what could he have done other than what he did? And if he could not sway the Russians at Yalta, how could he hope to do so at Potsdam, when they were ten times more inflated with success? When Truman told Stalin about the atomic bomb, Stalin showed no curiosity whatever. Even with that great factor on their side, he felt himself master of the Western powers.

One asks oneself at what point it could ever have been possible to achieve a real understanding with him; if a man of Winston Churchill's calibre could not achieve it, one asks oneself if it is possible to believe that there was at any time anyone who could. One does not ask what hope there was for the Attlee-Bevin combination; the answer is all too clear.

B. A. Y.

Speak No Evil

One Word and Another. V. H. Collins.
Longmans, 7/6

A sequel to Mr. V. H. Collins' *The Choice of Words*. Any attempt to purify the English language at this stage is bound to be rather like Mrs. Partington sweeping out the Atlantic with a mop—

or, in Mr. Collins' case, sweeping out the diction of the daily newspapers, civil service and United States of America. He has our sympathy, even when the thought of his "careful speakers and writers" sometimes strikes a slight chill. One of the difficulties about neologisms is that they may have a legitimate technical meaning, later illegitimately propagated.

"The use of *mirror* for a fixed or otherwise stationary *looking-glass*: e.g. in a hall against a wall, over a mantelpiece, or on a dressing table, is a genteelism or trade term." Certainly that was what Uncle Matthew thought in Miss Nancy Mitford's novel, but then Uncle Matthew (a peer) also objected to the term *mantelpiece*. Agreed that looking-glass is preferable, are we to speak of the Hall of Looking Glasses at Versailles and was she a genteel Queen, in Grimm, who was always repeating:

"Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall
Who is the fairest of us all?"

A. P.

Loves and Ambitions. Herminia Naglerowa. Heinemann, 12/6

The scene of this searching inquiry into personal relations is Austrian Poland in the later 1860s. The Austrians were the most civilized of the three masters of Poland, and the condition of Galicia at that time reminds an English reader of Ireland in the days of Parnell. The alien rulers cannot be overthrown by force, but it is reasonably safe to insult and circumvent them. Meanwhile the younger men think more of worldly success than of the sacred task laid on them by their defeated fathers.

Stanislaw Krause, who deals in agricultural machinery, cannot pass without regret the brewery that his father sold for the Cause; the agent of the absentee landlord, fearing social unrest among the tenants, begins to make friends with Mammon; and the burning question which divides the community is whether to get rid of the president of the local Famine Committee, a gallant patriot who

has undoubtedly made a mess of his accounts. Thanks partly to the excellent translation, the reader is wholly caught up into the life of this alien world.

A. D.

Stephania. Ilona Karmel. Secker and Warburg, 15/-

This unusual documentary novel tells the story of three cripples, three female occupants of Ward 2 in Stockholm's "Institute for the Handicapped." It is primarily a record of three people's struggles to adjust themselves to misfortune and suffering and to work out their own salvation in terms of hope and courage. In their private world of exaggerated tension and emotion they learn to come to terms—but only just—with each other and with life. There are moments of excitement, ritual events of immense significance, visiting days, operation days, bedmaking and, most important, the ceremonial arrival of new patients.

The very presence of newcomers, the "fresh air lingering in their clothes" is "like a greeting from that distant forgotten world." Stephania is proud, bitter, determined, and her unquenchable spirit has a profound influence on her fellow-sufferers. There is nothing morbid or lurid in this story, which is told with clinical, almost cynical, objectiveness and makes most interesting reading.

A. B. H.

Aegean Greece. Robert Liddell. Cape, 25/-

The hundred islands on his map are not more dispersedly disposed than are the writer's tales of his wanderings among them. Euripides and St. John, Mussolini and Racine, Theseus and the nearest mule-driver mingle happily and inextricably in his pages, but his greatest joy is in lovely landscape. He can thrill to a temple ruin, a cliff-perched monastery or a village ikon, but it takes a grouping of seven strips of sea interwoven, blue and brown, with eight bars of rocky islet reaching away to a jagged

mountain horizon, to rouse him to the climax of a fervour which, miraculously, he is able to communicate.

To be sure it is a matter of difficulty—and honour—not to be sea-sick as he tumbles in the local caiques and finds himself too much beset with the rancid oil of staple diet for perfect comfort, but he has discovered a way to condense the romance and the amazement of thousands of years of myth and history into moments of penetrating delight.

C. C. P.

Napoleon and the Awakening of Europe.

F. M. H. Markham. English Universities Press, 7/6

Mr. Markham gives Napoleon a new look. The last of the Enlightened Despots and a portent of the Romantic Age, he subordinated everything to ambition, including, at St. Helena, his own past. He was no champion of nationality, but crushed the Revolution. When the Empire collapsed he was lost. Nor was he destroyed by popular nationalism, but by Pitt and the old dynasties. He did not invent the war of movement, but exploited French post-Frederickian tactics. The *Code Civile*, his most lasting achievement, was not his creation. He did not originate: he got things done.

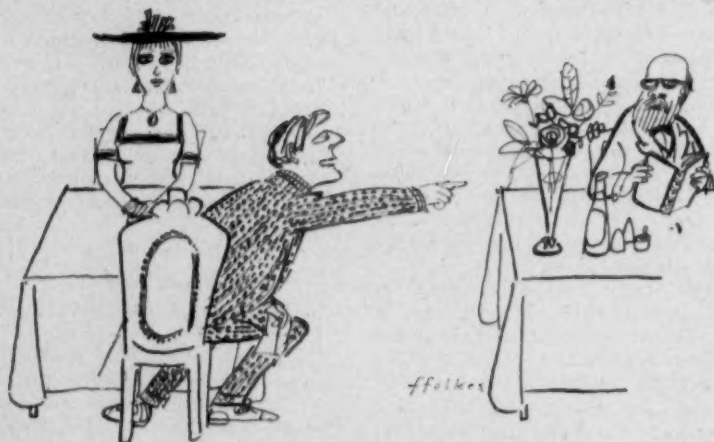
A political and military genius, with a passion for knowledge and hypnotic charm, his brilliant publicity inspired a new mass enthusiasm. Yet he was a man of the South, with a Machiavellian vindictiveness, who saw himself as a hero out of Plutarch. To the English he was "Boney," a scourge and a nuisance. His vision of Empire was broken by English realism, Russian obduracy and Spanish fanaticism. Mr. Markham's shrewd and lucid narrative evokes the man. His excellent biography is indispensable for all who wish to see Napoleon in a modern light.

J. E. B.

Government and Parliament. Herbert Morrison. Oxford University Press, 21/-

Mr. Morrison wrote this useful contribution to recent Constitutional History under the auspices of Nuffield College. It is not a textbook. Mr. Morrison sticks to topics on which he has some change in practice to describe or suggest. He is particularly interesting on the Labour Government's use of Cabinet Committees and on the public accountability of the nationalized industries.

The tone of his book is business-like and rather flat. He makes the House of Commons sound like a Borough Council organized in two teams for convenience of debating, and he treats administration as a matter of arranging details in the right order. This makes Government sound static and passionless. There is no violence, no clash of doctrine or personality, in Mr. Morrison's hard-working, sensible, bustling world. There is plenty of knowledge and efficiency, and things get done; but what about the irrational, always baying at the frontiers? Constitutions that do not provide a theatre



"Could you pass the flowers, please?"

for the dramatization of conflicts between forces wither, and not even another Committee can save them. R. G. G. P.

The Music Masters: The Twentieth Century. Editor A. L. Bacharach. Cassell, 25/-

Fourth and final volume of an admirable series of books dealing with composers from the sixteenth century down to the present day, its information suitably potted for the amateur listener by a team of experts under only general guidance from the editor. Here are fifty-four composers born after 1864, an arbitrary choice that sets Britten and Barber (born about 1910) cheek by jowl with Busoni and Sibelius—both great musicians before the younger men's parents were grown up.

Since the man rather than his music is the policy of the series it is curious to find W. R. Anderson omitting reference to Prokofiev's enforced toeing of the official cultural line after he had been accused of "subversive" Western tendencies. And future editions of so popular a work might replace such spelling pedantries as Rakhmaninov and Skryabin by the more familiar versions (besides correcting inconsistent swithering between Prokofiev's "f"s and "v"s).

One of the best essays is Hubert Foss's on John Ireland and the Edwardian age—when in the great ferment of musical activity that overtook this country "English literature once more joined hands with English music." J. D.



AT THE PLAY

The Manor of Northstead

(DUCHESS)

Romeo and Juliet

(STRATFORD-ON-AVON)

Intimacy at 8.30 (CRITERION)

BEETCHAM, the butler in *The Chiltern Hundreds*, has achieved his dearest wish. The Earl and Countess of Lister have come to stay with him and Bessie (now Mrs. Beecham) at his fishing lodge in Scotland, bringing in their wake not only the Earl's rifle but his detested sister and her Labour peer, and also Lord Pym and his ambitious wife. Not many sequels carry on so happily as *The Manor of Northstead*, which gives the impression that after a slightly longer interval than usual we have returned to an extension of the same play. Once more WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME makes skilful use of a general election, all three runners in a Highland constituency coming from Beecham's stable after the unopposed candidate has been locked in the cellar. Although thin in places, this comedy has an agreeably neat shape; but what chiefly lifts it above the common is the scope it offers for the inspired ramblings of the Earl. Mr. DOUGLAS HOME has a special gift for supplying A. E. MATTHEWS with the authentic stuff of blue-blooded inconsequence, and Mr. MATTHEWS finds himself in incomparable form, pottering



Juliet—MISS ZENA WALKER

Romeo—MR. LAURENCE HARVEY

Friar Laurence—MR. LEO MCKERN

and mumbling and hatching little plans. Whether he is recounting a memorable rupture at Ranelagh or the itinerant life of the liver-fluke, this is a wonderful performance, so absurdly natural that one might easily miss the brilliance of its timing. CHARLES HESLOR makes an impressive Beecham, and the Countess, though a paler figure here, is safe with MARIE LÖHR; and special marks go to LORRAINE CLEWES for her delightful Bessie.

It is melancholy to continue saying so, but Stratford is still out of sorts. In GLEN BYAM SHAW's *Romeo and Juliet* the need for a more mature cast is as clear as it was in the season's earlier plays. At a rep. this production could be praised, but not at a national theatre specializing in the work of a national dramatist. No one is actually bad; it is just that the general level isn't good enough to transfer very much of Shakespeare's magic. LAURENCE HARVEY's Romeo, outwardly a romantic figure, visibly burns with passion, but we remain insulated from its heat; and ZENA WALKER's Juliet, though possessing all the charm of a forthright schoolgirl, carries us no farther than that suggests. Usually so reliable, WILLIAM DEVLIN makes Capulet too fussily comic to have any domestic authority. ROBALIND ATKINSON is nearly touching as the Nurse but overplays her. The most satisfactory performances come from LEO MCKERN as Friar Laurence and KEITH MICHELL as Tybalt, and GEOFFREY BAYLDON is

quietly amusing as the Capulets' butler. The fights are exciting, making us feel the deadly animosity between the two families, though a certain confusion arises when towards the end of the play the Capulets appear to have leased the Montagues' house, using it confidently as their own. Among the missing elements in the production is unfortunately Italy. MOTLEY's set is like a utility minstrel's gallery designed for the Ideal Home Exhibition, and as the guests crowd upon it to view the body one is put awkwardly in mind of the Mappin Terraces.

Intimacy at 8.30 is a revue written by PETER MYERS, ALEC GRAHAME and DAVID CLIMIE, with pleasant music by JOHN PRITCHETT and RONALD CASS. It tries too hard to be sophisticated, and is uneven in punch and judgment, with some very blank patches; but it has zest and an encouraging amount of young talent, and every now and then pays a big dividend. The biggest is the song of an announcer at a railway station who puts all her pent-up yearning into information about Platform Four, breathing into the simple word "Woking" the quintessence of sultry passion. JOAN SIMS handles this beautifully. RONNIE STEVENS is funny as an operatic barber duping innocent customers in the Charing Cross Road, and JOAN HEAL gives an amusingly gilt-edged impersonation of Lady Docker going down a mine. But on the whole the comic resource of the company is best seen in its larger


operations, such as a nostalgic review of the tunes and habits of the war, and spirited ragging of T. S. Eliot, *The King and I*, Gilbert and Sullivan and Hollywood's discovery of the Bible. Wittier sketches and sharper lyrics are deserved by DILYS LAY, PETER FELGATE and GEOFFREY HIBBERT, as well as by those already mentioned, but even so its high spots make this revue worth a visit.

Recommended

The Prisoner (Globe), a grimly clinical account of a police-state trial. *Marching Song* (St. Martin's), also a thoughtful play about troubled Europe. And *The Teahouse of the August Moon* (Her Majesty's), America laughing delightfully at itself.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

 *Knock on Wood—Les Orgueilleux*

THE best thing in the new Danny Kaye picture *Knock on Wood* (Directors: NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK) is also the oldest: another variant of that infallibly funny situation in which a fugitive blunders on to a stage during a performance and, frantically improvising, takes part in it, while the police and other pursuers scurry about and peer from the wings. Most people can be funny in this, so that

from one point of view it is sheer waste to let Mr. KAYE have it . . .

But it is very good value. Some of the early part of the picture suffers from plot trouble: it positively seems as if we are meant to take the motives seriously, to feel suspense about the rival spies who are after "the plans" and to be emotionally concerned about whether Mr. KAYE (a ventriloquist who has quite innocently allowed "the plans" to be hidden inside his dummies) will defeat them in time. But this final burst of hilarious slapstick makes up for a good deal.

And there are plenty of incidental touches earlier that help to make this the best Danny Kaye picture for some time. Another thread in the story that at moments shows signs of being treated with unwelcome seriousness is the ventriloquist's affair with the charming psychiatrist (MAI ZETTERLING) whom he consults because his subconscious, speaking through his dummies, is in the habit of wrecking any of his attachments that seem to be approaching marriage; but it also inspires some valuable fun, including a consulting-room-couch scene of considerable oddity.

The highest spots apart from the riotous stage episode are things that might go equally well into any other story: the London motor-showroom scene with Mr. KAYE as a languid English salesman and demonstrator, the

London (Irish) pub scene with Mr. KAYE as the most Oirish of tenors, and such moments as the one that finds him hidden under a table and involved in frantic calculation about which knees and which fingers are whose. An entertaining effect of a different kind is a pursuit that moves from what is described as "a nondescript hotel in the Soho district" briskly round the corner into the middle of Fleet Street.

The Proud Ones or *Les Orgueilleux* (Director: YVES ALLEGRET) is set in Mexico, but ignores most of the conventional visual opportunities of the scene for the sake of dwelling on the squalor.

It is adapted from a novel by J.-P. SARTRE with a title that suggests the theme's essentially Hollywood flavour—*L'Amour Rédempteur*. The flavour of the film itself is very far from Hollywood: the feeling of doom is heavy over most of it and there are several scenes that make the "X" certificate understandable. It seems pointless, for example, to give us quite so detailed a view of MICHÈLE MORGAN (as a woman stranded in a Mexican village on the death—also shown in some detail—of her husband) having a lumbar injection.

But there is fine acting, and the atmosphere of the steamy little village is brilliantly conveyed. GÉRARD PHILIP skilfully makes an individual of that familiar figure the young doctor who has gone to (alcoholic) pieces after killing a patient, and his "redemption" by the woman's love seems paradoxically less improbable in these insistently squalid circumstances than it might in something more like the tourist's Mexico. Not an attractive film, but absorbing, and very well done.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Le Salaire de la Peur (24/2/54) continues to top the London shows. Otherwise the choice ranges from the entertaining fantasy of *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.* (28/4/54) to the half-tragedy of *Act of Love* (28/4/54) and the near-sensational but excellently-done melodrama of *Les Compagnes de la Nuit* (21/4/54).

Not one of the new releases was reviewed here. Bob Hope fans may like *Casanova's Big Night*, but most of it is pretty mechanical stuff.

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE OPERA

 Teatro dell'Opera Comica (SADLER'S WELLS)

WHAT sounded more like a tart cottage piano than a harpsichord twangled through endless recitatives which overtaxed our slender stocks of Italian. Singers stood about faintheartedly during the ensembles, or looked over their shoulders panickily at



Jerry Morgan (a ventriloquist)—DANNY KAYE

Clarence—A self-governing Puppet
(*Knock on Wood*)

the conductor and missed their beat. The interior set, with its ornate twin pillars, seemed built around the foot of a giant fourposter bed. Tobias Mill's bottle-green cutaway was pure 1840, thirty years out of true; Edoardo Milfort's silver-grey frock coat suggested 1895.

Yet, even when ill-done, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* has curiosity value and something more. The essential Rossini notes are already there: flippancy, caress, economy of statement. The hack libretto is amusing mainly for the exotic view it gives of the City, circa 1810. Mill, a scheming billbroker, tries to palm off his pretty daughter Fanny on a rich Canadian merchant, Slook, who is seeking a bride on the London money market. Despite his uncanny name, Slook has a heart of gold. On learning that Fanny loves Edoardo he jovially retires and makes a marriage settlement in favour of his rival.

Slook was sung with swagger by an exuberant baritone, NESTORE CATALANI, who earlier in the season had done reasonably well with two Donizetti parts, Belcore and Malatesta. Although handicapped by an absurd trapper's outfit and wig in three tones of ginger, all fringed, he was the only person on the stage who behaved in all situations as if he clearly knew what was expected of him.

This company's worst and best are apt to go cheek by jowl. *La Cambiale* was coupled with another early one-act piece by Rossini, *La Scala di Seta* (1812) which has hitherto been known in this country by its overture only. The tale is according to approved recipes. We know what most of the characters are going to sing before they open their mouths, for they are old *opera buffa* friends—and none the worse for that. There is a doddering guardian with a toothsome *coloratura* ward (ANGELICA TUCCARI) who secretly marries a handsome young lyric tenor (SALVO BERNARDI). Visiting his wife clandestinely by silken ladder, the husband runs into competing suitors and stratagems. The situation gets more tangled and unhappy with each aria, but in the end all is unravelled with mutual backslappings.

Miss TUCCARI, as we had gathered from her Norina (*Pasquale*) and Adina (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), has a strong if sometimes metallic soprano which makes light of the most frightening riffs and roulades. Her gestures have bite as well as prettiness, and she is always at ease on the stage: one of opera's "naturals," in short. In this context the same is to be said of TITO DOLCIOTTI. As the quack doctor in *L'Elisir*, DOLCIOTTI had been hauled on to the stage in his triumphal car by a restless piebald whose drumming hooves, abetted by an over-zealous orchestra, quite eclipsed him. In *La Scala*, restored and shining, he sang Germano, a factotum from the Figaro stable, with ornate gusto which must have given him as much pleasure as it



gave us. Apart from his work in *La Scala*, BERNARDI has been heard as Ernesto, Nemorino and Almaviva (*Il Barbiere*). He sings with sweetness and sob, as needed, his ear rather too much on famous models. *Una furtiva lagrima* carried startling echoes of Gigli.

Considering that it is three years old, this Teatro dell'Opera Comica della Città di Roma, as it portentously calls itself, looks and sounds remarkably raw when off form. We have heard certain principals, as well as the chorus, get clean across the conductor's beat. In some cases this has not greatly mattered, since the soloists had already been half obliterated by the accompaniment. Often the atmosphere has been that of an early rehearsal call.

Yet, as in *La Scala*, things have sometimes gone sparkingly. Without such antinomies opera would not be the incalculable fun it is. CHARLES REID



NOT AT THE BALLET

Moscow State Dance Company, "Beryozka" (STOLL.)

LONG before the curtain rose on *The Little Birch Tree* ensemble it was evident that whatever the artistic merits of the occasion might be it was a top-ranker politically. Soviet literature was being sold at the entrance, the Dean of Canterbury, benign and tonsured, was conspicuous in the first-night audience which was soon to be in a frenzy of approbation, and the Soviet Ambassador's unsmiling countenance imparted a note of diplomatic gravity. If anyone in the packed house expected to see Russian ballet he was disappointed. He may have even questioned whether the display offered by a troupe of thirty young Russian women was predominantly dancing in the accepted sense of the word. That it brought something fresh and often enchanting was not in doubt.

What was to prove the most effective

novelty was disclosed at the start when, charmingly dressed and in precise crocodile formation, the troupe moved about the bare stage as though on castors: very long frocks completely hid very short steps. It was not dancing, but it was graceful movement so marvellously disciplined that the performers might have been perfect (Victorian) ladies possessed of neither legs nor feet. This brilliant technique was to be employed again and again in the course of the evening—the girls exactly matched for height and shape and radiantly attired, now in close formation, now in open, but always with the look of a perfectly devised machine—until it came near to inducing hypnosis in the beholder.

Whenever the robots resumed their frankly human character it was for the robust fun of peasant dancing with much running and stamping, skipping and jumping enlivened by girlish squeals. Herein the absence of male partners was a handicap; an all-woman Cossack dance, for instance, deserving applause simply as a *tour de force*. It was a relief when the leader of the four accordionists, sole providers of accompaniment, intervened to play a little comedy, *The Lady Killer*, with four girls—a mere suggestion of dance but excellent comic mime.

This company, which has expanded, I gather, on the strength of prize-winning at home, may not offer ballet, but its dependence on the fundamental ballet technique is evident in the exemplary control of arms and torso. Legs and feet belong to another tradition. The credit for the drilling, to a perfection conceivable hitherto only in the dreams of an R.S.M. of the Brigade of Guards, as well as the artistic direction generally, goes to Mme. NADEZHDA NADEZHDIINA. The success of the display owes much to the dresses designed by LYUBA SILICH and VLADIMIR RINDIN. It is presented under the auspices of the British-Soviet Friendship Society. C. B. MORTLOCK



ON THE AIR

Question Time

THE final of the Light Programme's "Ask Me Another" competition, which resulted in a convincing victory for D. Martin Dakin, was vastly entertaining. This is a quiz of extreme simplicity: there is no "signing-in" or "celebrity spot," no tintinnabular guillotining, no facetious humour, no frippery or calculated rudeness. The questions are posed briskly and neatly and the competitors trot out their answers promptly and with commendable conviction.

"Ask Me Another" has not always been as bright as in this final battle of wits. To be successful the programme must, it seems, parade competitors of exceptional erudition: if it does not, if the competitors flounder too often and are stumped by easy questions, then the audience becomes embarrassed, fidgety and unhappy. But Messrs. Dakin, Laver and Hillary were for the most part in complete control, rattling off their answers and their "Ask Me Another!" like champions.

My one criticism of this programme is that too many of the questions call for information from the by-ways of learning, and that not enough questions test the competitors' general knowledge. Mr. Dakin might reasonably have been asked for the finalists in the F.A. Cup Competition, the Bank Rate, the price of butter, Bradman's Test average, the cost of a dog licence and so on. No doubt he would have produced pat and accurate answers in every case, but in doing so he would have won the hearts as well as the admiration of his "Light" audience.

"Ask Me Another" was particularly pleasing to one who is condemned, in the course of duty, to look in fairly regularly at the quiz programmes of television.



Musical Chairmen

Mr. Glyn Daniel Mr. Peter Martin Mr. Eamonn Andrews
Mr. Roy Rich

For some months I have avoided all mention of "What's My Line?" "Down You Go," "The Name's the Same" and "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?", partly because I had wearied of hurling abuse and partly because I hoped that given time these programmes would disappear under an accumulation of boredom. But my strength is returning and Lime Grove shows no sign of abandoning these starmongering, time-wasting dollops of fatuity.

Very well, my arm is raised, and a neat pile of brickbats lies at my feet . . .

"What's My Line?" This item outlived its usefulness years ago and owes its survival to the public's morbid expectation that some day there will be a real rumpus between some competitor and Gilbert Harding. As the cameras track through the routine introduction every eye scrutinizes the demon barker. Does he look wild? Is his tie straight? Is he breathing fire? And there is acute disappointment if he behaves normally and refuses to put up his dukes. I feel sorry for Harding: it must be an appalling strain to walk his tightrope every week and roar as t'were any nightingale.

Without him the programme would be more unbearable than it is.

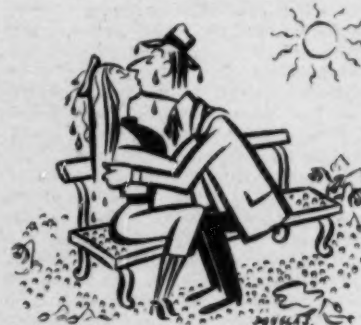
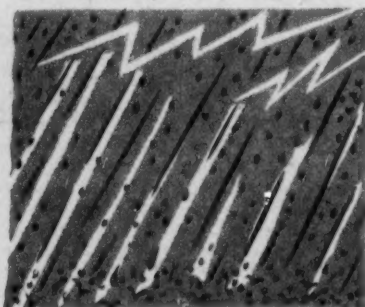
"Down You Go." This is the show in which viewers are allowed to watch people solving the easiest of crossword puzzles. The paraphernalia includes cardboard cut-outs of the panel, a magnetic alphabet and an Australian-type scoreboard, but the performance itself is duller than ditch-water. Once a year, perhaps, this programme would be acceptable—just. I have nothing but praise for the members of the team: they look nice and behave sweetly.

"The Name's the Same."

For some reason I can never face more than ten minutes of this programme, in which the experts try to guess the identity of some challenger whose name is also that of some distinguished person, or something or somebody as ribtickling as T. V. Terne, Connie Mara, Abel Seaman or A. N. Other. This team only just manages to stifle its yawns, and the question-master sounds weary to the point of exhaustion—as no doubt he is.

"Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?" After much thought I have decided that this quiz is the best of the bunch. It is not particularly exciting, it is seldom even interesting, and it has run far too long, but it has a certain stuffy worthiness that just about gives it the edge on other current TV parlour games. I find it infuriating to have to watch the experts—archaeologists most of them—handling lumps of earthenware, wood or metal that I can only dimly see, and I am not in the least impressed (as I am supposed to be) when they manage to identify a Cretan drinking-urn of 876 B.C. If the people won't go to the museums, says the B.B.C., then the museums must go to the people. But the going is very hard.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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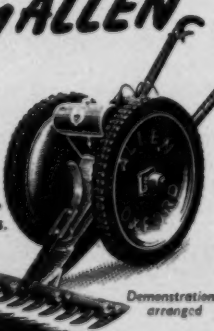
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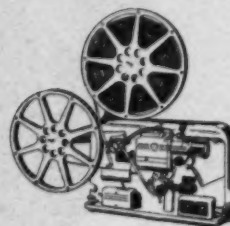


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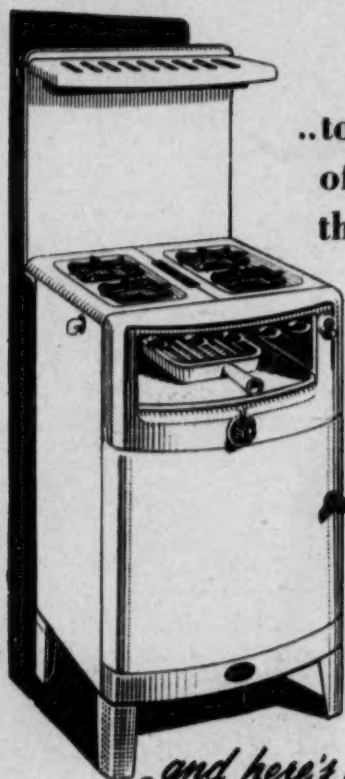
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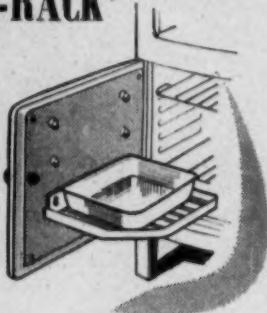


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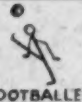
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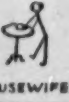
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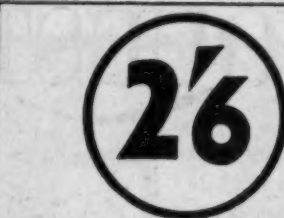
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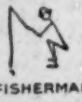
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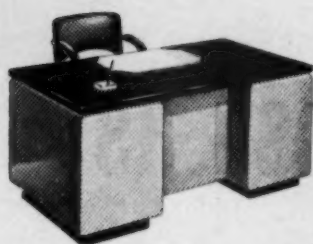
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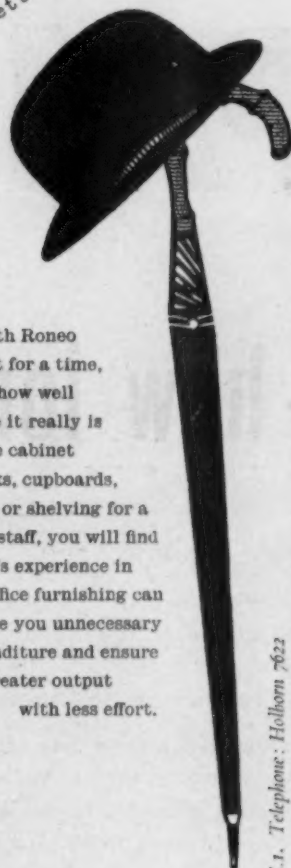
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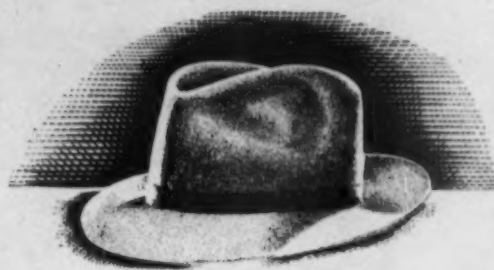
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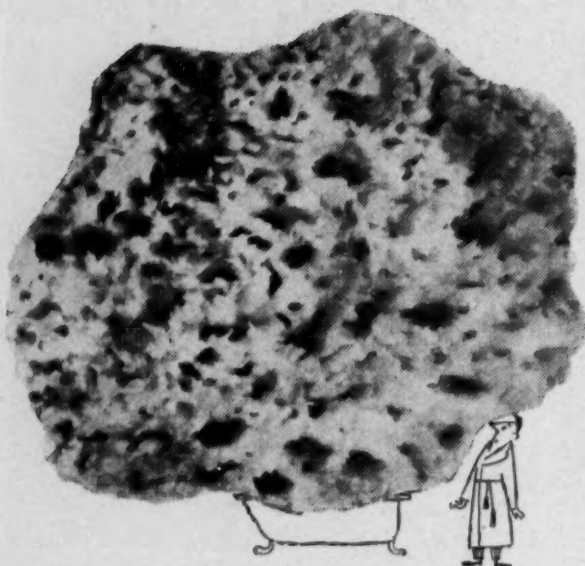
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that you throw out
the sponge**



We suggest that the linings of many furnaces are, in effect, sponges — heat sponges: they soak up heat that should go into the charge. On batch-type furnaces this is not only a waste of fuel but a waste of time and quite unnecessary. It can pay very handsomely to get rid of this heat sponge. And it can be done very simply — by using M.I. bricks for the lining instead of ordinary refractories: they require only a fraction of the heat (and fuel) to bring them up to the same working temperature.

M.I. refractories are low heat-storage hot-face insulators which can be used as direct furnace lining up to 1540°C (2800°F). They may be used in either new or existing furnaces. Either way they permit faster throughputs and lower fuel consumption, whilst with new furnaces the whole structure is lightened, with savings in steel, foundations and floor space.

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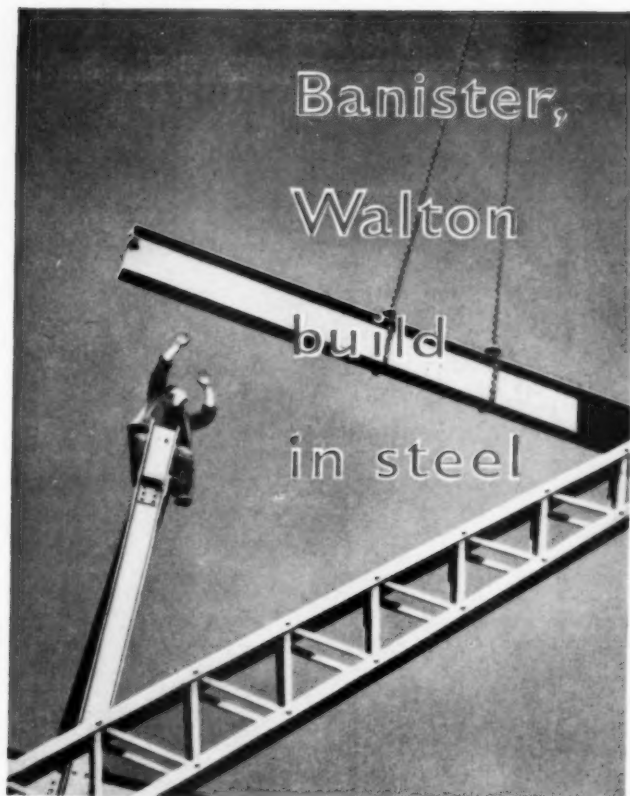


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Designed for a total capacity of 24,000,000 gallons, this vast reservoir was built in two stages. Even before the second chamber was completed the first began to leak. Subsidence, the curse of mining districts, had caused the concrete of the walls and floor to crack. The precious water flooded out, took with it supporting soil and created cavities beneath the reservoir floor.

Caulking was tried and found a failure. Nothing could be found to plug the ever recurring cracks. What then—abandon the reservoir or rebuild at

a cost of £500,000? Neither. Over the leaking floors, up the walls and round the pillars like a giant jacket has been fitted a continuous sheet of rubber—100 tons of it.

This tremendous task, now completed in one of the two chambers, saving thousands of pounds and safeguarding a vital water supply, has been carried out by Dunlop General Rubber Goods Division in co-operation with the Sunderland and South Shields Water Company. Even for Dunlop—and for rubber—this is an exceptional undertaking. That it is possible at all is due to the experience and resources of a Company which has been contributing to the betterment of mankind for nearly 66 years.

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